

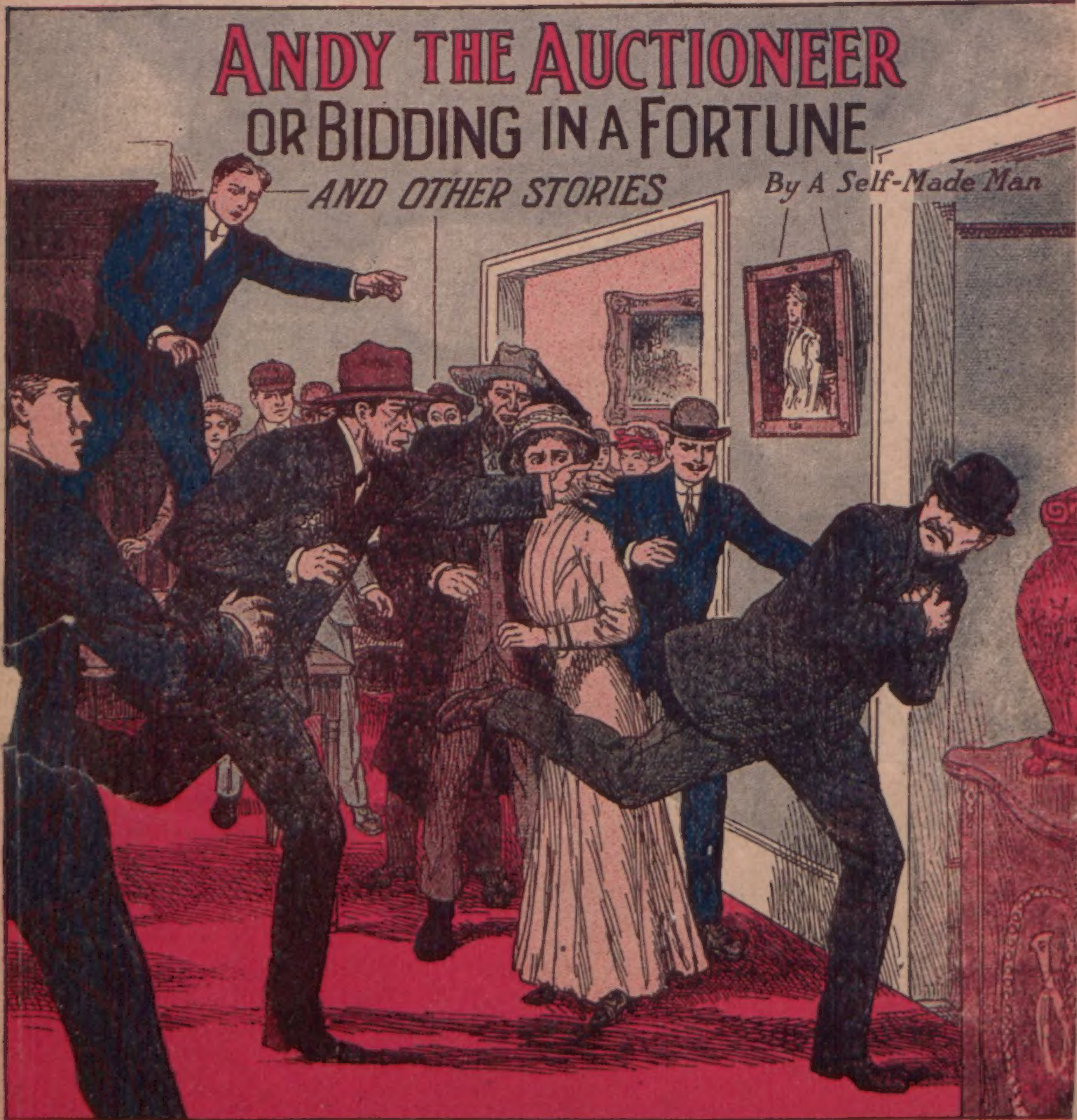
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

ANDY THE AUCTIONEER OR BIDDING IN A FORTUNE

—AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



From his elevated perch Andy saw the suspicious-looking stranger grab the bag of jewelry and start to retreat. "Stop that man, sheriff!" he cried, excitedly. Seeing he was detected, the rascal slipped past the sheriff and dashed for the door.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ANDY, THE AUCTIONEER

Or, BIDDING IN A FORTUNE

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—On the Eve of His Future.

"It's about time we came to an understanding, young man," said Benjamin Potter, a small, thin, red-haired, red-whiskered man, to a sturdy, good-looking boy of eighteen years, who sat facing him in his study.

Mr. Potter was a lawyer by profession, and his office was on Main street, in the village of Silverton, which was almost large enough, and busy enough, to be called a town. The lawyer's residence was a comfortable-looking cottage on a shady street within easy walking distance of his office. His study commanded the back garden of his neighbor on one side, the vegetable patch of a residence on the next street, and a distant but limited view of other houses beyond, with a vista of rugged mountain peaks that pierced the sky twenty miles to the west.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied the boy, whose name was Andy Rogers, regarding the speaker with some uneasiness.

"I propose to make the matter quite clear to you before I finish," said Mr. Potter, swinging back and forth in his pivot chair and fixing the boy with his sharp and somewhat shifty eyes.

The youth didn't like the significant tone of his voice, and waited in some trepidation for him to proceed.

"Your father, Jack Rogers, left you in my care five years ago when he went to the far West to seek a fortune at the time of the first Goldfield rush," continued the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied Andy, when Mr. Potter paused.

"Anticipating a lengthy stay in the wilds of eastern Nevada, he provided a three-years' fund for your maintenance which he deposited in the village bank, and gave me a power of attorney to draw a stipulated sum with every week to cover the cost of your keep. He also left an additional sum with me to provide you with clothes and other necessities, as you required them. I believe you understand all that."

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. The three years passed and your father did not come back with the fortune he had anticipated wresting from the earth, still he wrote regularly once a month to us, and his letters were optimistic—that is, they spoke encouragingly of the prospects that he and his partners saw ahead of them. But it always seemed to be ahead—they were never able to catch up with it. Other men turned up wealth within a stone's throw of their claim, but with them Dame Fortune

merely flirted, and was shy of capture. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

"The two funds I have mentioned were nearly exhausted and I sent your father a hint to that effect. He understood, and every month after that my letter contained a suitable remittance, and so matters went on for a year and a half, and then—letters and remittances suddenly ceased, as you know."

"I know," said Andy, with a catch in his voice, for his father's six months of unexplained silence concerned him greatly.

"Naturally I thought it strange, so after two of my letters to him remained unanswered I wrote to the Goldfield postmaster for information. The reply I got informed me that your father and his partners had sold their claim and gone on a prospecting tour to Death Valley, and had not up to that date returned. I imparted that news to you at the time."

"You did," admitted the boy. "But my father must have written to us both when he left Goldfield. He never would have gone on a journey into the wilds without letting us know about it, and giving his reasons."

"If he wrote, as it seems natural he should have done, the letters never came to hand."

"But none of his previous letters ever went astray."

"Very true," nodded the lawyer. "That adds a bit of mystery to his sudden silence. However, it would be useless to try to fathom the matter. After waiting what I considered a suitable time, I wrote again to the postmaster. In reply I have, after some delay, received this clipping from a Goldfield paper."

The lawyer picked up a two-inch paragraph from his desk and handed it to Andy.

"Read it," said Mr. Potter. "Whether it tells your father's fate or not is a matter of conjecture, but in view of his presumed movements it looks significant."

The paragraph stated that the unrecognizable bodies of three men, evidently prospectors, were discovered just off the trail on the edge of the Devil's Punch Bowl—the name given to an old extinct crater in Death Valley, which region was of volcanic origin. The papers found on their persons indicated, but did not substantiate, the fact that the dead men were Jack Rogers, Hen Murphy and Joe Desmond, former owners of the Red Crow claim on the outskirts of Goldfield. The bodies were buried where found by those who subsequently reported their gruesome discovery.

That was all, but it gave Andy a great shock, though the evidence that one of the unfortunates was his father was by no means conclusive.

"You believe my father is dead, then?" he said, in a choked voice.

"I fear he is," replied the lawyer.

"Under these circumstances, I suppose the object of this interview was to let me know that I must no longer look to you for support?"

"You have guessed it. Your account is six months in arrears. I think it is time that you took your future in your own hands. You are eighteen years of age, strong and hearty. In my opinion, the village does not offer sufficient inducement for you to stay here. You have had as good an education as Silverton could give you. You had better try your luck in Grafton, fifty miles from here, though I would suggest that you go on to Chicago. You will find more opportunities for you there."

"Very well, sir. I will go as soon as I can pack up."

"I don't want to hurry you, but as my wife's sister will arrive to-morrow with her children to pay us a long-deferred visit, why, if you can leave before noon to-morrow I will take it as a favor," said the lawyer, cracking his knuckles.

"I will do so," said Andy, in a low tone.

"Here is ten dollars to help you on your way. Should you be hard pressed at any time, you may write me, and I will endeavor to tide you over your difficulties."

"How much do I owe you?"

"You mean the account I have against your father? We will not consider that. It has nothing to do with you. I'll write it down to profit and loss," and the lawyer beamed upon the boy as if the milk of human kindness was exuding from all his pores.

Andy looked at him intently. He had never known Mr. Potter to exhibit any particularly generous traits before. As a lawyer the gentleman took care to exact the last cent he could get from those who came within his legal grasp. He never let anything get away from him. He was an astute and foxy practitioner at the bar, and he had no trouble getting clients, though his methods were expensive, because he was generally successful. Quite often he got the oyster while his client got only the shell, but then they had the satisfaction of having won their case.

Finally Andy got up and began making preparations for his departure on the morrow. It took him some time to pack his trunk, for in spite of his courage the unusual occupation was depressing to him. But he got it done at last, and the articles that he needed to use he placed ready to go in his hand bag. He had just locked and strapped his trunk when the supper bell rang, and he went down to the last evening meal he expected to eat in the lawyer's house.

CHAPTER II.—The Traveling Auctioneer.

After supper, which was always served early at Mr. Potter's house, Andy started out to bid good-by to his more particular friends, who had been his companions for the last five years. One of his best friends lived with his folks on a small

farm just outside the village limits, and there Andy aimed for first. It was a warm afternoon early in the summer, and there was a good hour's daylight yet left in the sky, for the sun had not set, though it was close to the horizon. As Andy turned a bend in the dusty road, with his destination close ahead, he saw a large covered wagon drawn up by the fence under the branches of a towering oak tree. The horse which drew the vehicle had been taken out of the shafts and tied to the tree, where he was contentedly munching his supply of oats contained in a bag into which his nose was thrust and which was secured to his head by a cord. At the rear of the wagon a boy was cooking in a small kettle suspended gypsy fashion on three sticks over a fire. There was a county law against building fires along the roadside, but that fact did not seem to worry the lad, if he was aware of it. When Andy came abreast of him the boy was in the act of tasting the contents of the kettle, and judging from the smack of his lips it seemed to strike him in the right spot. He looked up and the eyes of the two lads met.

"Hello," said the strange boy, in a cheerful way that was catching.

"Hello!" returned Andy, coming to a stop. "What are you doing—cooking your supper?"

"I reckon."

"Are you all alone?"

"Yep."

"Traveling along the road, eh?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"What's your business?"

"I'm an auctioneer."

"An auctioneer?"

"Well, I sell cheap goods around the country to the farmers and village people. My stock in trade is in the wagon."

"Do you sleep in the wagon, too?"

"Sure. No hotel bills for me. My expenses are and the profits are on the right side. Do you live in the village?"

"At present, yes. I've lived there for five years."

"What's your name?"

"Andy Rogers. What's yours?"

"Dick Desmond. Your name is familiar to me."

"I've heard yours not long ago. Oh, yes, I saw it in a paragraph cut from a Western paper."

"You did!" exclaimed the boy eagerly.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"Was the name you saw Joe Desmond?"

"Yes."

"Then it was my father. And now I know where I got hold of your name. One of my old man's mining partners is a man named Jack Rogers."

"Why, that's my father!" cried Andy.

"You don't mean it."

"I do. My father went out West, to Goldfield, five years ago and bought the Red Crow claim with Henry Murphy and Joe Desmond."

"Well, if this ain't a surprise. Shake, old chap, I'm glad to know you."

The boys shook hands in a hearty fashion.

"Now tell me what you read about my father," said Dick Desmond, stirring the rabbit stew with a long wooden spoon. "I ain't heard from him for over six months, and the last letter said that

the Red Crow claim wasn't paying well enough to hold on to and that he and his pards were going to sell out to a party that was willing to try his hand at it, and they were going farther west into Death Valley, to prospect in a locality they heard was rich in gold."

"I'd rather not tell you," said Andy, in a hesitating and solemn tone.

"Why not? It ain't bad news, is it?" said the boy, suddenly becoming grave.

"It looks that way."

"Is my father dead?"

"I am not sure, but if he is, so is my father and Henry Murphy."

"Look here. Don't beat around the bush. Tell me what the paragraph said," Dick answered, in a shaky voice.

"You say you haven't heard from your father for six months, neither have I heard from mine for that time, and he used to write regularly once a month while he was at his claim. I never got word from my father that he and his partners had sold the claim and were going off prospecting. I didn't learn that till the lawyer I'm living with wrote to the Goldfield postmaster and got that information. My father must have written me just as yours did to you, only the letter got lost en route somehow. Well, the three went farther west, it appears, and that's the last that has been heard of them, according to the postmaster, till he sent on the newspaper slip which gave an account of the finding of the dead bodies of three men on the edge of a crater in Death Valley. From papers found in their clothes they were believed to be my father, your father, and Henry Murphy. However, the paper said that their identity was not fully established, and so I have a faint hope that the dead men were not the persons they were thought to be," said Andy.

"I don't know," said Dick Desmond, with a dismal shake of his head. "The three went off together and three dead men were found. Did the paper say that they were prospectors?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid that settles it, then."

"I'm going to hope on just the same, though Mr. Potter believes my father is dead."

"Who is Mr. Potter?"

"The lawyer I'm living with. But this is my last night at his house."

"How is that?"

"He told me this afternoon that I must take my trunk and go, because he sees no chance now of getting a six months' board bill that my father owes him on my account."

"What are you going to do?"

"Leave, of course."

"I know; but where are you going?"

"Chicago, probably."

"Know anybody there?"

"Not a soul."

"Come with me. I need an assistant badly. The one I had skipped out at Grafton with \$5 of my good money. Although he put me in a hole, I'm glad he went, for he was getting more lazy and shiftless every day. You can't do better than to stand in with me as your father stood in with my father. Seems funny, doesn't it, that we should come together?"

"It certainly does," admitted Andy.

"It must have been intended that we should

meet and join hands. I'll give you a dollar a day until you get the hang of the business and we know more of each other, then I'll fix things so you can buy a half interest in my business, and we'll be partners. How does it strike you?"

"First rate," said Andy; "but the whole of my cash capital only amounts to \$40, but I've some things in my trunk that I might sell. Is there room in the wagon for my trunk?"

"Lots of room just now, for my stock is running down. There's two bunks in it. One I use and the other my former helper used. You'll occupy it if you come."

"I'll come. If I don't pan out satisfactorily in a business sense you can shake me at some town where I can connect with the railroad."

"Don't worry. We'll get on all right. I like you, and when I take a shine to a fellow, he's all right. Besides, your father and mine are pards."

"If they're alive."

"Let us continue to hope that they are. Well, I must eat my supper now. I suppose you've had yours?"

"Yes."

"This is rabbit stew, and it's fine. Just sniff the flavor from the pot."

Andy did so, and it almost made him hungry again.

"You'll live like a lord, after a fashion," grinned Andy, picking up a soup plate and filling it with stew.

Then with a spoon and a hunk of bread he commenced his supper.

"I guess you're a pretty good cook."

"First rate, if I do toot my own horn. I can cook anything, but not over an open fire."

"By the way, don't you know it's against the law to light a fire along the roadside? If a constable came along he would probably run you in. We must get a small oil stove if I go with you. I don't want to be arrested."

"I know it's against the law, and I don't make a fire along the road as a rule. I have a stove with three burners, but I ran out of oil at noon to-day, and I had to either go without my supper or take a chance. I took the chance."

"Oh, if you don't light a fire often you're safe enough."

"Where were you going that brought you this way?"

"To see a chum of mine and bid him good-by."

"You'd better go on, then. You'll find me here when you come back, as I mean to stop here all night. By the way, how far is it to the village?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

"It's Silverton, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Quite a large village, I was told at Fairview, eighteen miles back."

"Yes. It is really a small town. It's got two factories, and several business streets. The population is between three and four thousand."

"I'd do well there, but I'm all out of my best sellers. The only star article I have left is my stock of lung balsams and pain killers, which I make up myself en route. They always go off like hot cakes, and the profit in them is big."

"You understand how to prepare medicine, then?"

"I know how to make up Dr. Bunkum's Famous Pain Eradicator and the World Renowned

Lung Balsam, which is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, sore throats, croup, quinsy, incipient consumption, etc., etc. I've got the recipes, and the raw material. Water plays an important part in their preparation, and that's cheap—I mean it doesn't cost me anything. I secure a fresh supply every day from a pump or a brook."

"Are the medicines really effective?"

"Are they? Say, they go right to the spot every time. One application of my Famous Pain Eradicator cured a man of the toothache in Fairview to-day, and then I sold a dozen bottles so quick at a dime apiece that I could hardly gather in the money. Profit, \$1.04. As for my Lung Balsam, it's a sin for a house to be without it. It acts like magic. It's a quarter a bottle, but it's worth its weight in gold. If you know anybody in the village afflicted with a cold of any kind, just recommend it, and they'll remember you ever afterward," said Dick, with a grin, taking the coffee pot off the embers and pouring himself out a cupful. "Now run along and get back soon. You'll find me in my laboratory in the wagon, and if you're not too long, I'll show you how I make up my remedies. I also sell Dr. Squeer's Universal Liver Pills, ten cents a box, three boxes for a quarter. I don't make the pills. I buy them by the gross, forwarded to me from Chicago C. O. D. by express, like theatrical paper. They are an infallible remedy for—but what's the use of telling you, you don't need 'em. So-long. I'll look for you in an hour or so. And don't forget, I've got a legal license as an auctioneer."

It was twilight by this time, and Andy continued on his way in a different frame of mind than before he came across the traveling auctioneer's wagon.

CHAPTTR III.—Ready to Start.

Two hours and a half elapsed before Andy approached the wagon again. A red lantern hung up on the outer side of the vehicle indicated its presence in the dark. When he drew near, he saw the glow of the lighted end of a cigarette from the vicinity of the seat. Dick Desmond was lounging there waiting for his new acquaintance and prospective assistant to show up. He had completed his work in the wagon, the results of which were six dozen very small bottles of the Pain Eradicator, and four dozen three-ounce bottles of the Lung Balsam, all corked and labeled ready for distribution among the public on the following day or any other time. The corking and labeling had heretofore been done by Dick's assistant, but that valuable individual having "flown the coop," it was necessary for the young auctioneer to attend to it himself.

"That you, pard?" he sang out, when he saw a figure drawing near along the road.

"Yes," returned Andy. "I guess you think I was rather long."

"What's the difference? If you haven't changed your mind, or don't change it before you leave the village to-morrow, we'll see plenty of each other during the days to come."

"I won't change my mind, Desmond. There's nothing of the weather-vane about me," replied Andy.

"Glad to hear it. Call me Dick hereafter, and

I'll call you Andy. If we're going to be friends we might as well begin at once."

"That's right. Finished putting up your medicine?"

"I have. One of your duties as my assistant will be to help me on the job—not making the medicine but corking and labeling the bottles."

"That's easy."

"By the way, can you sing?"

"Yes—why?"

"To draw a crowd, I play a tune or two on my banjo and sing a lively song. My former assistant used to black up, put on a pair of wing collars, a vest that was loud enough to drown a circus band, and other et ceteras. We did a bit of patter, and finished up with a duet. It always took like wildfire. If you object to blacking up, I dare say I can fake a sort of white-face act that will pull the curious. Then you must learn my game of talk and do a little auctioneering yourself to help out, for the public gets tired of hearing one voice all the time."

"I'm game to make myself useful in any way you think is best."

"That's hearty. I see we shall pull together like a spanking team," said Dick, in a tone of satisfaction. "Stick to me and I'll make your fortune as well as my own."

"I've one favor to ask," said Andy.

"What is it?"

"I don't want to be identified with the outfit till you pull out of the village. You can stop at the house and get my trunk and bag, and I'll join you when you're ready to leave, which I suppose won't be till the afternoon some time."

Andy remained talking with the young auctioneer for an hour and then went home to pass his last night under Mr. Potter's roof-tree. At breakfast in the morning the lawyer asked him if he had made his arrangements to leave that day.

"Yes, sir," replied Andy cheerfully.

"Are you going to Grafton or Chicago?"

"Neither, sir. I'm going in the opposite direction."

"Where to?"

"I've got a position as assistant to a traveling auctioneer, who sells goods and patent remedies around the country in a wagon. I'm to get \$6 a week for my services," replied Andy, but saying nothing about the boy auctioneer's father's connection with his father in the mining regions.

The lawyer was surprised, and asked him many questions about Dick Desmond's traveling business.

"I suppose the business is respectable enough in its way," he said, "but these traveling auctioneers are little better than cheap Johns, and their society is not such as a young gentleman like yourself ought to cultivate."

"Oh, Dick Desmond is all right," said Andy.

"Desmond! Did you say Desmond?" spoke up Mr. Potter quickly.

"Yes, sir; that's his name."

"H'm!" said the lawyer reflectively. "I wonder if——"

He broke off and went on with his breakfast. Andy looked at him and wondered what he was going to say but didn't. Andy spent the greater part of the day visiting his circle of acquaintances and bidding them an indefinite good-by.

They were all sorry to lose him, for he was a great favorite with both the boys and girls of Silverton who were on friendly terms with him.

As he knew that Mrs. Potter's sister and her children would be at the cottage for supper, if nothing happened to prevent their arrival, he did not believe that he would be missed if he remained away. Accordingly, he ate his supper at a restaurant and appeared at the house at half-past six. He found that the visitors had arrived and that the children were in possession of his room, his trunk having been removed to the lower hall according to his directions. The wagon appeared with Dick at seven, and after he had helped his new friend to place it in the vehicle he bade the lawyer, his wife, and the servant good-by, and getting up on the seat beside the young auctioneer, he left forever the cottage which had been his home for five years.

CHAPTER IV.—A Pair of Rascals.

Dick drove about half a mile along the county road until he saw a suitable spot by the roadside where the wagon would be out of the way of passing vehicles, and halted for the night.

"Now, then, Andy, here's where we stop till sunrise. Get down and I'll show you how to take Bony out of the shafts," said Dick.

Andy sprang down and assisted in taking the horse from the wagon. This time he was tied to the fence.

"Crawl under the wagon and get the feeding bag. You'll find it swinging from a hook. Take it into the vehicle and fill it about a third full of oats, which you will find in a big bag there. Then hand me out the oil stove and the can of oil."

While Dick was filling the stove Andy tied the feeding bag around the horse's head. Dick next called for a small kettle which he told Andy to fill at the water barrel. While the water was boiling the young auctioneer told Andy to hand him the coffee pot, the coffee canister and a big spoon, also a frying pan, a slice of ham and a couple of eggs, a plate, a cup, and divers other articles. So while twilight deepened into night Dick made his supper and ate it. While he was eating, Andy placed a pan partly full of water on the stove to heat for the purpose of washing up the few dishes and utensils after Dick had finished his meal. Everything being returned to the wagon, Dick lighted a cigarette—his only dissipation—and the boys sat on the shafts of the wagon and talked together. Nine o'clock came around and Dick said he guessed he'd turn in as he was tired after his day's exertions. Andy didn't feel sleepy as he had done nothing strenuous that day nor for many days back. He remained where he was after Dick retired, and his thoughts were centered on the three unmarked graves in the Death Valley wilderness, and he asked himself over and over if his father was sleeping his last sleep there. Then his thoughts reverted to Silverton and the pleasant days he had passed there at school and in the society of companions congenial to him.

Presently he got up and walked back along the road a bit, to the top of the low hill from which point he could see the lights of Silverton in the

near distance. He walked over to the fence and leaning his arms on it, continued his reflections upon the past and future. While he stood there two persons came walking from the direction of the village. Andy didn't notice them till he heard their voices. As their talk was rather rough, the boy made no move to attract their attention. He judged that their room was better than their company. The strangers stopped, however, within easy earshot and sat down on the turf to rest themselves.

"You are sure he's alone, Barnaby?" said one of them.

Andy cocked up his ears and became interested, for Barnaby was the name of Dick's former assistant who had left him in the lurch at Grafton, fifty miles back.

"He's alone, unless he's picked up some kid to help him, which I doubt. He left Grafton without anybody, and it ain't likely he's found any one he'd cotton to since."

"If we catch him by surprise and do him up, we will have funds enough to start in the medicine business ourselves and skin the rural population out of their small change. You know how to put up the stuff, as you've helped him prepare it."

"I never made any of it, but I've seen how he did it, and I guess I can bluff it out well enough for our purpose. There ain't nothing in the raw material that will kill anybody even if it don't do them any good. I know where he keeps his formulas, and we'll swipe the directions with his money. We can buy the material as well as the bottles of any wholesale drug house, and a printer will make the labels for us. In fact, we can pinch the bunch of labels he's got in the wagon, and they'll do to start with."

"Well, if you're rested, we'll go on," said the man. "I'm in a hurry to feel a bunch of real money. It's a coon's age since I had any to speak of."

"All right, Jerry. Come on," said the rascally Barnaby.

The well-mated pair started on again, and Andy decided that it was up to him to put a spoke in their wheels. Keeping in the shadow of the hedge to avoid discovery, Andy followed after them. In a few moments the two rascals sighted the red lanterns which Barnaby recognized as belonging to the van.

"There's the wagon now!" he cried.

Andy stopped as the chaps started toward the hedge themselves. Crouching down, his hand came in contact with a stout piece of tree limb. He seized it, for he saw that it would make an excellent cudgel. The pair advanced with some caution now, for Barnaby thought that his former boss might not yet have retired to bed, as the hour was not late. At length the rascals got close to the van and stopped to reconnoiter. Andy stopped and squeezed his body into the hedge while he watched them. Satisfied that all was quiet about the wagon, Barnaby and his companion went forward again. The front part of the vehicle where the driver sat was made of wood, rounded at the top to fit snugly into the arching canvas frame.

This worked on two heavy hinges, so that it could be let down and supported by hinged props to form a projecting platform on which the boy

auctioneer stood when doing business. It was just high enough to clear the back of the horse. The back of the wagon was provided with a pair of half-arched doors, opening outward from the center. The rascals, satisfied that the boy auctioneer was asleep, walked up to the doors and Barnaby placed his hand under the wagon, found the ring, and pulled the chain. At the same time he pulled one of the doors open by the small iron handle put there for that purpose. He picked up the short ladder which lay under the wagon, placed it at the opening, and mounted into the wagon. His companion was in the act of following him when Andy rushed forward and knocked him senseless with a blow from his cudgel. Andy then dashed up into the vehicle, shouting to Dick to look out.

CHAPTER V.—Dick on the Job.

Barnaby, taken by surprise, stopped short and looked around. Andy sprang upon him and bore him up against a pile of goods. At the same moment, Dick, awakened by the racket, sprang out of his bunk.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Turn up the lamp and look at this chap," said Andy. "He and another fellow, whom I knocked down outside, were going to make you prisoner and steal all your money."

Dick turned up the lamp and then he recognized his late assistant.

"You—Barnaby! What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," returned Barnaby sulkily.

"I told you what his purpose was," said Andy. "I overheard him and his pal talking it over up the road while they were taking a rest."

"So that's your game, is it, Barnaby?" cried Dick angrily.

"It's a lie!" protested Barnaby. "I only stepped in to borrow a dollar of you."

"Borrow a dollar, eh? After robbing me of five in Grafton, skipping out and leaving me in a hole. You're a nice rooster, I must say! Well, I fancy this work will land you in jail," said Dick.

Inside of ten minutes Barnaby and his pal were lying on the ground behind the hedge, bound hand and foot.

"I'll get square with you for this, mister!" said Barnaby darkly.

"Maybe you will, but I doubt it," replied Andy. "If you try to monkey with me, you won't find me an easy proposition to handle."

The boy left then, returned to the wagon, pulled in the ladder, shut the door and took off his coat. He told Dick all the facts of the case.

"It's lucky you were out there when those chaps came along. I didn't think Barnaby was such a rascal, though I had soured on him by the time he quit," said Dick. "I guess the fellow he was with put him up to the job. We'll take them on to the next village and have them locked up."

"Why not back to Silverton?"

"Because it would be a loss of time. On the whole, I guess I'll let them go. I'd have to come back and prosecute them, and that wouldn't pay me."

The two boys slept without further interrup-

tion till sunrise, when Dick got up and awakened his companion. It was a bright, balmy morning that made a fellow feel good to sniff the early air. On either side of the road stretched wide fields of growing grain, for their route was through the wheat section of a western State. Several farmhouses were in sight, but at a distance from the road. The boys looked for their prisoners and found them where they had been left.

"You chaps deserve to be prosecuted for attempting a crime," said Dick, "but as I don't care to be bothered following the case up I'm going to let you go; but mark me, if I catch you nosing around this outfit again, I'll fix you both good and proper. Cut them loose, Andy."

Andy freed them and they went away without a word, but their looks were not very pleasant. The boys then set to work getting their breakfast, which consisted of a liberal supply of bacon and eggs, bread and butter and coffee. Andy rubbed the horse down and gave him his supply of oats. After the dishes were put away they harnessed up and started forward again. They went at a slow gait, for Bony was not a lively animal, except when he encountered a band of music, and that wasn't often. Besides, he was well fed and sleek looking, and that made him indolent. Doubtless he figured that he had done his full duty as a circus horse and was entitled to take things easy for the rest of his life. At mid-day they halted by the roadside and got their dinner—a cold leg of mutton which Dick had cooked in Silverton, with baked potatoes in their jackets, to cook which Dick ventured to build a small fire to get a bed of hot ashes, coffee, and an apple pie.

They did not meet with any great sales that day, not passing through any towns, so to speak. They stopped on the outskirts of Morrisville for the night. The sides of the wagon halfway up were solidly boarded, the upper part and the roof being of canvas, attached to strong hoops. Sounds on the outside could easily be heard through the canvas. Something awoke Andy about midnight, and he sat up in bed. He heard the sound of voices under the vehicle. He got up, went to the door, opened it softly and listened.

"Don't touch it off yet, Barnaby," he heard a voice say. "We need more wood to make a sure job of it. I don't believe in doing things half-shot. The bottom of the wagon is pretty solid, and we want to make a fire that'll be hot enough to do the business. Run now and get another big armful of stuff and then we'll set the bonfire off and roast those chaps out of house and business. You know where he keeps his money, and in the excitement maybe you can get hold of it."

That was enough for Andy. He slipped over to Dick's bunk and woke him up. Then he told him what was up.

"The blamed rascals intend to burn the wagon up with you and me in it," Dick said excitedly. "Put on your duds and we'll give them a surprise."

They hurried on a part of their clothes, and then Dick seized his shotgun, which was loaded with rock salt instead of shot. Opening the door, he sprang to the ground. He saw a dark figure under the vehicle beside a pile of straw and other inflammable material.

"What are you doing there?" he cried.

The figure jumped up, hit his head against the bottom of the wagon, and uttered a deep imprecation, then he scurried out in front and took to his heels. Dick ran to the front, took aim at the fugitive, and fired. The rascal fell with a cry, but in a minute was up and continued his flight in a limping fashion.

"Light the lantern and bring it outside, Andy," said Dick.

When the lantern was flashed under the wagon they saw the preparations that had been made to burn the van. They removed the stuff and set it on fire. It made quite a bonfire while it lasted. Then they returned to the van and went to bed, but it was some time before they got to sleep again, confident that the late intruders would not bother them again that night. In the morning after breakfast they toured the residential part of the village, and sold some tinware and other things to the women, and worked off several bottles of the remedies.

After dinner they took to the road again and reached the next village about dark where the scene of the preceding evening was repeated with satisfactory results. While they were en route next day, Dick made up another supply of balsam and the pain eradicator while Andy drove Bony. Then Andy entered the van and put the labels on the bottles. That evening Andy made his debut as an auctioneer and did better than he expected. Thereafter the boys alternated as auctioneers, Dick always leading off with a bit of buncombe to put the crowd in the right frame of mind, as he said, and at the end of the week they reached the town of Woodbridge, quite a large place.

Here Dick said he intended to leave the outfit in Andy's charge while he went to a city a hundred miles distant to lay in a fresh stock of goods and the ingredients for the preparation of the remedies. It was decided to have the wagon repainted, and the canvas part lettered on both sides with the names of the remedies. Dick left Andy money enough to pay for this and for any additional expense he might be put to. When he got back with the goods he said they'd talk over their partnership arrangements. They got permission to anchor the wagon in a vacant lot, while the horse was lodged at a near-by stable. Andy intended to sleep in the wagon and eat at a restaurant. The wagon was first painted and allowed to dry, and then the painter came to letter it. He marked the remedies in black lettering on the canvas first of all, and then on both sides of the woodwork and across the doors at the back he put the words "Traveling Auction House."

Andy was closing up the wagon after dismissing the painter preparatory to going to dinner when a man who had been viewing the wagon from the street came into the lot and, going up to Andy, said:

"I'd like to see the auctioneer, young man," he said.

"You see him," replied the boy. "I'm Andy the Auctioneer."

"Be you now? You must be a smart chap. Can you sell anythin'?"

"Yes."

"What would you charge me for sellin' the furniture and fixin's in my house?"

Andy was a bit surprised by the proposition,

for he hadn't expected such a thing, but having committed himself, he thought a moment. He knew that auctioneers sold things on a commission basis, so he said:

"I'll sell on a commission. The amount will depend on the sum realized from the sale. I will naturally try to get as good a price for everything as I can, for by so doing I will earn a larger commission."

"What might be your commission?"

"Five per cent.," replied Andy, at a venture, for he didn't know what rate auctioneers charged.

"Come around to my house and I'll show you the stuff."

Andy accompanied him. He went over the house with the man, and told him that all the small articles must be arranged in lots to be put up in that way.

"I'll help you do it, and I won't charge you anything extra for it," he said. "You must put an advertisement in the paper right away, for if I'm going to sell the goods it must be done to-morrow. I would also suggest that you have some handbills printed and distributed all around this neighborhood."

The man agreed to all he proposed and then Andy went to dinner, promising to return in an hour. Andy and the man spent several hours arranging things for the sale.

"You want to hire somebody to keep watch while the sale is going on," said Andy, "or some of your small things might be stolen."

"My brother-in-law is a deputy sheriff. I'll ask him to come. Nobody'll steal anythin' under his nose. I've got some of my late wife's jewelry I want you to sell, too. I've got it in a bag and I'll hand it to you when you're ready for it."

"All right," said Andy.

Then the man went to put the advertisement in the morning paper, and get the handbills which he had already ordered to be printed.

CHAPTER VI.—Andy's First Regular Auction.

Andy took care to get a license and hired a small, bright boy who lived in the neighborhood to act as his clerk during the sale. The boy auctioneer's plan was to start operations on the ground floor, in the front room, work through to the kitchen, and then go upstairs. No one was to be allowed free access to any room other than the one in which the sale was going on or had been finished. Successful bidders would be obliged to pay spot cash and take charge of their purchases, if possible, as neither the seller nor the auctioneer would be responsible for any article sold.

At eight o'clock next morning Andy and his clerk appeared at the house with a book and pencil and went through the rooms in the order in which the sale was to be conducted, putting down each of the lots in consecutive order, numbering them 1, 2, 3, etc. A space was left between each lot for the name of the purchaser to be written down, with the amount that the lot brought. The boy had brought a stout handbag, provided with a long strap to go over his neck, in which he was to put the money, and Andy provided \$10 in silver to help make change with at the start. He

also had \$10 worth more in his pocket to hand the boy in case his change ran short. The sale was announced to begin at noon, and a small crowd began to gather before that time. Andy and his clerk took their places in the parlor on a cheap kitchen table ready to begin business as soon as the hour arrived. The owner and his brother-in-law, the deputy sheriff, walked around and kept their eyes on the alert as the room filled up. At length the clock struck the noon hour and Andy opened proceedings by announcing what the sale consisted of in a general way, and the terms on which they were to be sold, with minor information for the guidance of the bidders.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will begin with lot Number One, that handsome ormolu clock, originally imported from Italy, guaranteed to be a good time-keeper, and will run forty-eight hours without rewinding," began Andy. "Look at it, and you will find that it is a handsome piece of workmanship, and well worth three times the price of \$5 I am instructed to start it at. Who pays \$6?"

There was a pause while several people crowded around the clock. It was an attractive article and the bidding on it became spirited. It was actually worth \$10 at retail, but Andy got \$11.50 for it, and at that the woman who purchased it thought she had a bargain. At any rate, she had come expressly to buy it, and paying the money to the clerk, she hastened off with her purchase.

"Lot Number Two is this elegant vase, also imported. What am I offered as a starter? How much, sir—one dollar? I am offered only a dollar for this handsome imported French vase which couldn't be duplicated for—two dollars, who says three? Ladies and gentlemen, you couldn't buy a vase half that size for two dollars. Two-fifty, I hear. Seventy-five—three. Why, \$3 is a mere bagatelle for that vase. Who says \$4? Three and a quarter? I am offered three and a quarter. A half, thank you. If you get it for that, sir, you'll have a bargain. Seventy-five—four."

The vase went for \$4.25, which was more than it was worth. The owner knew that, though Andy didn't know. So the sale went on, Andy getting good figures as a rule for the lots, but then he was selling the best articles first. While he talked he naturally kept his eyes everywhere to catch the eye of a bidder, and in this way nothing escaped his attention. His notice was attracted to the suspicious actions of a well-dressed young man in a derby hat. Andy had seen the owner set down a bag he had been carrying around with him to explain something to a woman bidder. The boy auctioneer knew that this bag contained the jewelry to be offered as soon as he had sold out the contents of that room. He had made the announcement to that effect before beginning the sale, and there were many women who had come especially to bid on the jewelry, which had been made one of the features of the hand bill.

Whether the well-dressed young man knew, or only suspected, that the bag contained the jewelry in question, certain it is he appeared to take a great deal of interest in it, and Andy saw him edging over toward the shelf on which the owner had temporarily deposited it. The boy auctioneer kept his eye on the man's movements without

seeming to do so. He had an idea the chap meant to pinch it if he could do so unnoticed, but he could make no move to prevent him until the young man actually touched the bag. The deputy sheriff was close by, and Andy was ready to warn him, if necessary. The boy was in the midst of the sale of a fancy, old-fashioned what-not, when matters culminated. From his elevated perch Andy saw the suspicious-looking stranger grab the bag of jewelry and start to retreat.

"Stop that man, sheriff!" cried Andy excitedly.

Seeing he was detected, the rascal stepped past the sheriff and dashed for the door. The sheriff started after him on the run and both disappeared from the room. Andy went on with the sale, and presently finished up with the room. As the sheriff had not returned with the jewelry he had to defer its sale until later, and led the people into the dining room, where he sold the articles connected with that room, getting fair prices. The kitchen followed and Andy made short work of the articles there. It took him another hour to sell the contents of the room upstairs. That finished the sale, but the people who were after the jewelry hung around and waited for it to be put up. Andy sent his clerk for the owner, who was downstairs, and that individual appeared.

"How about that jewelry?" asked the boy.

"My brother-in-law hasn't returned yet."

"Well, I can't hold these people here waiting for him to show up. Didn't he catch the fellow? I should think he'd have nabbed him before he got as far as the gate."

"I don't know whether he caught him or not. The last I saw of them, they were running down the street, and the thief had a good lead."

"We'll have to leave the jewelry out of the sale, then," said Andy.

He mounted his table again and explained to those who remained in the room that owing to the theft of the jewelry it could not be put up at the sale, so there was no use of their remaining any longer as the auction was over. The disappointed women went away, some of them saying things that were the reverse of sympathetic for the owner of the lost bag. Andy then counted up the amount of money received, verified it by the prices put down on the book opposite each lot, and after deducting five per cent. for his services, amounting to \$28, turned the balance over to the owner, who expressed himself as well satisfied with the result of the sale, barring, of course, the theft of his late wife's jewelry. Andy then paid his assistant a dollar for his services and went to dinner, after which he returned to his wagon.

He now had about \$75 in cash, which he guessed would go a long way toward buying a half interest in the traveling auction wagon. He amused himself studying Dick's formulas for putting up the balsam and the pain eradicator, and decided that he could make the remedies just as well as his friend. Having nothing particular to do, he tried his hand at the balsam, and used up the remainder of the material on hand, turning out about three dozen bottles full. Then he tried his hand at the pain eradicator and filled the supply of small bottles that remained. By the time he had corked and labeled the bottles it was time to go to supper, and he repaired to a nearby restaurant.

After that he started to walk around the out-

skirts of the town. Darkness caught him some distance from his wagon. Then he became aware that a thunder shower was coming up, so he hastened his steps. The rain caught him before he got halfway back and he was compelled to take refuge in a small, vacant two-story shanty that bore the sign of "For Sale."

He hadn't been there over five minutes when he saw three men running toward the building to escape the downpour. To his surprise, he recognized the one in advance as the man who stole the bag of jewelry, and the others as Barnaby and his pal.

"It won't do for them to see me," he thought. "They'd be apt to handle me roughly, for Barnaby and his friend Jerry have it in for Dick and me. I must hide. They will doubtless leave as soon as it stops raining."

The only place he could take refuge in was a closet, for there wasn't a thing in the building that a person could hide behind. The only closet in that room was a dark, unfinished hole under the stairs. So into that he retired as quickly as he could, and barely in time to avoid being seen by the newcomers as they dashed into the half-open door, and shook the raindrops from their hats and jackets.

CHAPTER VII.—The Unexpected Letter.

"So you got away with the goods?" said the man called Jerry to the chap who stole the jewelry.

"That's what I did. The deputy-sheriff was a regular ice wagon on his feet. I could beat him any day and not know I was running."

"What did the swag amount to?"

"A lot of female jewelry."

"What's it worth?"

"I couldn't say, but I guess a couple of hundred dollars."

"You've got it about you, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Let's have a look at it. Strike a match, Barnaby."

Barnaby furnished the gleam and the thief produced the bag. He turned some of the contents out into one of his hands.

"There," he said, "you can judge what the swag amounts to."

"Some very pretty rings, a brooch or two, earrings, and so forth and so on," said Jerry, as he inspected the portion on exhibition. "Another match, Barnaby."

Barnaby struck the second lucifer.

"You're in luck, Tupper," continued Jerry. "I wish we could only say the same," as Tupper restored the bag to his pocket.

Andy from his place of concealment listened to all the men had to say while the thunderstorm lasted. He found out that Tupper was going to the house where he was rooming at a certain number on Taylor street to lock his plunder up in his bag. After that he was going to spend the evening at a saloon near by where he was known. The thunderstorm passed quickly away, and the rain petered down to a few cold drops. The three rascals opened the door, sallied forth into the night and were soon lost in the gloom.

Andy allowed them time to get away and then he left the building himself. He had made up his mind what he was going to do. He started at once for the station house, making inquiries along the way which ultimately landed him at his destination. There he interviewed the officer in charge. First he told him about the theft which had been committed at the auction sale that day which he had conducted. The officer informed him that the crime had been duly reported and that a detective was looking for the thief.

"I can tell you where he lodges and where he can be found," said Andy.

"You can?" said the officer, looking interested. "How is it that you have not reported the matter before?"

"For the very good reason that I only just found it out," replied Andy.

The young auctioneer then told him how he had taken refuge in the vacant house from the brief storm and while there the thief in question, with two companions, had also taken refuge in the building, and that he overheard all they said to one another.

"The thief gave his address to the other two and I made a note of it," said Andy.

"Very good. What is it?"

Andy told him.

"The man is going there to lock the stolen property in his bag and then he's going to a saloon in the neighborhood to pass the evening."

The officer called a detective. To him Andy described the man, and the desk officer furnished the address and other information.

"Get the man, and a search warrant will be provided afterward," he said.

The detective went away. Andy then told about the nocturnal visit that the three men had arranged to pay the wagon that night, and suggested that a couple of policemen be detailed to the scene just before the hour to arrest the intruders when they appeared and gave evidence of their intentions. The officer made a note of the matter and said two policemen would be on hand at half-past eleven, and that Andy must watch for their coming. Andy then left the station house and took in a moving picture show, after which he went back to the wagon. He sat at the door on the lookout for the officers, who in due time turned up.

"Was that thief arrested?" Andy asked them.

One of the policemen replied that he could not say, as he didn't keep track of arrests made at the station house.

"If he wasn't, you'll have the chance to arrest him here, as he promised to be on hand," said the boy.

The officers were admitted into the wagon, and the door closed. Andy taking his place at one of the windows which commanded a view of the corner of the streets where the rascals were to meet. At a quarter past twelve two figures appeared at the corner. Andy judged they were Barnaby and Jerry. They waited there some time for Tupper to show up, but he didn't. The boy then judged from the failure of the third party to appear that Tupper had been arrested by the detective.

At last the two figures made a move on the wagon, and Andy told the officers they were

coming. When the intruders got close to the vehicle Andy recognized them beyond a doubt as Barnaby and Jerry. Surmising that Barnaby would open the van door by the chain, he stationed the policemen at the back of the wagon and lay down on his bed. Presently the door opened and Barnaby sprang inside. Jerry followed. The dim light in the van was sufficient to show them the figure of Andy, and they immediately pounced on him.

"Now we've got you dead to rights this time," said Barnaby, in a tone of triumph.

They were about to yank the boy auctioneer out on the floor when the two policemen stepped forward and collared them. Two more surprised individuals could hardly have been found than Barnaby and Jerry, whose well-laid plans had for the third time been nipped in the bud.

"Take them to the station house, officers, and I'll appear against them in the morning," said Andy.

They were taken away to spend the rest of the night in a cell. In the morning Andy appeared against them in the police court. The magistrate didn't consider the evidence against them conclusive enough to hold them for anything serious, so he compromised by sending them to the workhouse for thirty days. Andy also appeared as a witness against Tupper, together with the owner of the jewelry and the deputy sheriff. The rascal was held for trial.

The man who had been robbed thanked Andy for giving the clue which led to the thief's arrest and the recovery of the jewelry, and handed him \$50 as an evidence of his appreciation. Andy got his dinner and returned to the wagon, expecting to find Dick there, but he was disappointed. Instead he found a letter addressed to himself which had been delivered by the carrier, who had tossed it through the open window. The letter was a surprise to Andy, for he figured that it must have come out of the usual delay in Dick's arrangements, or something. He broke it open and read as follows:

"Dear Pard—Something has happened which compels me to part company with you for a while, but I'm not going to leave you in the lurch, just the same. As soon as you get this go to the railroad station and see if the goods I've bought have arrived, for I've sent them on to you by express. Bring the wagon with you and load up. The charges are all paid, the receipt for which is enclosed. On the back of this letter you'll find a list of the goods with wholesale price. You'll have to try your own hand with the remedies, but if you study up the formulas you won't have much trouble in making it. As you'll need an assistant, advertise for a reliable boy to go out with you. Work your way in the direction of this city, and when you get here go to the post office and ask for a letter. It will probably be waiting for you. If it isn't, wait in town till you get it before proceeding farther on the road. Whatever profit you make on the goods you can keep. All I shall expect you to account for is the price I paid for them. By the time we come together again you ought to have funds enough to buy a half interest in the business. It won't cost you a whole lot. That's all for the present. From your friend and partner-to-be.

"DICK DESMOND."

Andy was much surprised by the contents of the letter. It must be a matter of great importance that would bring about such a sudden and unexpected change in Dick's plans. Well, there was nothing for Andy to do but to follow directions and go to the railroad station for the goods. Accordingly, he got Bony, harnessed him to the van and started off.

CHAPTER VIII.—The German Boy.

When Andy reached the railroad station he went to the express agent and asked him if the goods had come.

"What's your name?" asked the agent.

"Andy Rogers."

The agent looked over his book.

"The goods arrived a while ago, but they've been sent to the express office on Washington street, to be called for. You'll have to apply there for them."

"All right," said the boy auctioneer.

He started for his wagon. Standing in front of it was a new-looking German boy of perhaps sixteen years. He was trying to spell out the names of the remedies printed on the canvas side, and seemed to regard the brightly painted ones much the same as the American small boy does a gaudy circus wagon. Andy looked at him, and he looked at Andy.

"Vell, you been der owners of his wagons?" he asked.

"Am I the owner? I'm the boss of it," replied Andy.

"You are der boss? Dot is vast der same. Maybe you want somebody to work py der wagons, yaw?"

"You're looking for a job, eh?"

"I ped you."

"This wagon travels around the country. It doesn't stay here, nor in any one place."

"Dot suits me."

"You're willing to travel, is it?"

"I ped you I am."

"You live in this town, I suppose?"

"Nein. I only vor stopping here. I came from Yarmany to work for mine brother-in-law who runs a grocery stores in dis places. Vell, when I arrived mine brother-in-law vos yust put out of pieness py a punk who he had his money in dot vent der spout up. He could done nothings for me in der vays off a shob, dot's why I am ready to took anyt'ings dot turns up, ain't it?"

"What's your name?"

"Hans Steinfeldt."

"Well, I can give you a job at \$3 a week and find you."

"Tree tollars a weeks und found me? Vot you means py found me? I ain't lost."

Andy smiled.

"I mean I will provide you with food and board."

"Dot's vot you mean py found me? Vot a funny expressions. Vell, I took you up. I go py der wagons for tree dollers a weeks und ped und poard."

"Very well, Hans. I guess you're a good, honest boy, and won't shirk work."

"I ped you. I done der right t'ings by you. All I vant is a shance to get along in dis coun-

try. Off you want some references, I will took you py mine brudder-in-law und sister, und dey vill told you vot dey know apoud me. Where vill I haff mine trunk sent?"

"We will take it on the wagon. I am going to the express office on Washington street now for some goods to take on the road. Jump up and ride with me."

The German boy, who was a stout, moon-faced youth, required no second invitation. He scrambled up on the seat in an active way, and Andy started for the express office.

"You will have to help me in many ways," said Andy to his new assistant.

"Vell, I help you any vay dot you want. Dot's vot you hire me for, ain't it?"

"That's right. Can you cook at all?"

"I ped you I can cook. I'm at home right dere efery dime," replied Hans.

"Why, where did you learn to cook?" asked Andy, in some surprise.

"I vorked py a liddle eating houses in Stuttgart, Yarmany. I vos first der vasher up und den der cook hé took me to hellup him vhen dere vos a rush. Vonce in avhiles he peen too full of schnapps for to seen straight, und den I done all der cooking mineselluf."

"Then you'll come in handy, for we cook our meals along the road on an oil stove."

"Is dot so-o?"

"Yes."

"Und do ve sleep py der vagons, too?"

"Yes. There are two bunks inside."

"Vell, vell; ve peen like a couple of yipsies, ain't it?"

"Can you sing?"

"Yes. I can sing purty vell. For vhy you ask dot?"

"I sing myself to draw a crowd to sell to, and if you can help me out it will be an advantage to me."

"Vell, I show you vot I can do, py und py. Maybe I can do some tricks mit cards und udder t'ings—now you seen id und now you don'd—dot vill took der beoble's attention."

"That's so! Everything will help in this business."

By this time they had reached the express office, and Andy stopped the horse. He went in and asked about the goods. They were there ready for delivery. Andy showed the letter and receipt from Dick and the stuff was turned over to him. There was quite a number of boxes and crates. Andy checked them off and called on Hans to help him put them on the wagon. The Dutch boy got busy with a vigor that made things fly, and soon everything was aboard, but they filled the space all up.

"How vill ve got py der bunks now?" Hans asked, viewing the jam.

"We'll fix that at the lot before we start," said Andy. "We'll take the boxes and crates all out there and get the things out of them. We'll leave the coverings behind after we pack the articles neatly about wherever they will fit in best."

Hans understood and said if Andy would drive to his brother-in-law's grocery store, which was in charge of a receiver, he would get his trunk, and then he would be ready for the road. Andy accordingly followed his directions and reached the corner grocery, which was quite a pretentious

one, and evidently did a large trade. Hans went inside and Andy waited for him. In a little while a man in his shirt sleeves came out.

"Have you hired Hans?" he asked Andy.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy auctioneer.

"You travel around the country selling goods?"

Andy nodded.

"Well, I'm Hans' brother-in-law. He's only been in the country three months and naturally he's raw yet. I don't know whether I ought to let him go out with you. Can you give me any reference?"

"Nobody nearer than Silverton, where I've lived for the last five years. You could write to Lawyer Benjamin Potter, but it will take several days for you to get a reply, and I can't remain here waiting for you to get it. I'll guarantee it will be satisfactory."

"What road do you take from here?"

"The county road straight west. I am bound for Des Moines. A letter sent to me there, as well as Hans, will reach us as soon as we arrive there."

"Well, you look like a square young fellow, and Hans seems to have taken a shine to you, so I won't stop him. I'll write to the lawyer, anyway, as a matter of business."

At this juncture Hans appeared dragging a small, light, hair-covered trunk, of a foreign pattern, after him. As there was room enough under the seat for it, Andy didn't bother about opening the van. Hans wished his brother-in-law good-by, said he'd write to him en route, and then Andy drove off.

"Py shinger! Now dot I haf a shob dot pays me t'ree dollars a weeks mit mine board und ped, I feel yust like a canary be-ird," grinned Hans, as they rode along.

"If you could make a noise like a dynamo you'd feel like a humming bird," chuckled Andy.

"Vot is a dynamos?"

"A machine that generates electricity."

"Is dot so-o?" said Hans, subsiding into puzzled silence.

CHAPTER IX.—The Thespians.

When they reached the lot the unloading began. The crates and boxes were opened in succession and the goods taken out. Andy got into the wagon and Hans handed him the articles. He stowed them away in convenient places. The pans and pots he hung from the hooks projecting from the hoops. The material for making the balsam and the pain eradicator he put in a locker, and the cheap boxes of watches and cheap jewelry in another. There were a dozen lockers altogether in the wagon, two large ones being under each bunk. By the time everything had been stowed away the wagon did not look very congested. There was ample room to move around in, and space enough to do their cooking in on a rainy day.

Then it was that Andy remembered he had not yet purchased a supply of provisions for the first part of their journey, nor oats for the horse. He would have to drive back into the business section again. As it was then well along in the afternoon he concluded not to make his start until morning. With Hans on the seat beside

him they drove into town again, and Andy made his purchases, including a fresh supply of oats for the horse. Then he stopped at a restaurant and he and Hans went in to supper. After the meal they went back to the lot and Bony was returned to his stable.

"Now we will see what you can do in the singing line," said Andy, getting the banjo.

Dick had given him a number of lessons and found him an apt pupil at picking up chords for accompanying his own voice. He had a good ear for harmony, and that helped him wonderfully. Andy could play on the piano in fine style, and was therefore well up in the musical notes, but the manipulation of a banjo was a wholly different proposition so far as execution went, though notes are notes in all instruments. A good knowledge of music, however, is a fine groundwork to begin the study of any instrument with, but at present Andy's banjo playing was wholly done by ear. He struck the major chords in A as being probably most suitable to Hans' voice, as the key was not too high. As a tenor singer himself, he usually tuned up to D, though he could sing in A, too, many of his songs. Hans started out of key.

"Hold on, Hans. You're out of tune, or rather in another key that I'm not familiar with. Get down. Listen now. Te tum, te tum, te tum. Get me?"

"Yaw, I ped you. Te tum, te tum, te tum."

"That's the right pitch. Now go on."

Hans began a comic song in the German language. Apparently it was very funny from the action and the grins that the Dutch boy imparted to it, but its humor was lost to Andy. Hans roared out the chorus with great gusto, and when he had finished he said to his boss:

"How you like dot?"

"First rate," said Andy.

"I didn't seen you laugh, dough."

"I'm sorry, but you see I don't understand German."

Hans gazed at him with open mouth for a moment, then it dawned upon his mental horizon that he had been wasting all his humor upon unappreciative ears.

"Py shinger! Vot a fools I vos to sing in Yarmen," he said; "but shimany cribbs, how vill I done id in English? I couldn't done it nohow."

"Never mind, Hans. You sing the song in German. If the people don't understand the words, they'll get the air, and I'll warrant it will catch on anyway," said Andy. "Go on with the next verse."

So Hans sang the second and the third verses, and Andy declared it ought to catch a crowd because his assistant was certainly as good as a first comedian. Andy then sang "Down on the Sunny Shore" for Hans.

"Py shinger, dot, dot, dot, dot, dot, dot," said the German boy. "You sing that song in English. Oh, you go on, Hans, you go on, Hans, you go on, Hans."

The song was a very old one, and Andy's rendition of it was a very old one, and Hans, in and out of tune, sang it with a very old voice. After that they went out of town. Andy, Hans, and Bony, and the old horse, passed through the valley in either direction. The road ran up hill and down hill, but always between an endless row of trees of

fencing which cut off the big fields of ripening wheat. At the junction of a crossroad they drew up near the fence to get their dinner. While they were eating, three persons, two men and a woman, came up the crossroad with carpet sacks in their hands. The men had smoothly shaven faces and the woman was rather pretty, but her goods looks seemed washed out.

One of the men was tall and slender, while the other was chunky and stout. They stopped and looked at the two boys, putting down their grips. All three produced handkerchiefs of an uncertain color and mopped their faces. It was a warm day, and tramping the public road with heavy grips had a tendency toward perspiration. After a consultation the tall, thin man advanced.

"Pardon me," he said, in a grand tone, "will you tell me how far it is to the next village?"

"Do you mean on the road you're traveling?" said Andy. "If you do, I haven't the least idea. We're bound for Mayfield, on the county road, and I believe that's about six miles from here."

"Six miles!" exclaimed the man. "Would it be possible for you to give the lady a lift on your wagon, and carry our baggage? We should consider it a great favor."

"Sure I will!" said Andy. "I'll give you all a lift in the wagon. There is room enough to accommodate you. How is it you are tramping the road, with a lady, too? Did your conveyance break down?"

"I regret to confess that the luxury of a conveyance is quite beyond our purse. We are professionals, enticed from Chicago by the specious representations of a manager which it were a gross libel to call a gentleman. After being two weeks on the road, playing to rotten business, the company, of which we were the head and front, was stranded in Ozark last night. The heartless individual who directed the enterprise deserted us at midnight, taking scenery and props with him, leaving his people to the tender mercies of a grasping boniface. This morning we were turned out on the street without even the comfort of a breakfast, and our trunks detained for the miserable stipend owing for supper and bed. Oddsbobs! 'Tis hard lines, young sir, that genius should be so imposed upon, while mediocrity travels on the high wave of plenty," said the tall man, with a melancholy sigh.

"Oh, then you are actors?" said Andy.

"You have guessed it, young man, and in the name of my fellow profs I thank you for your offer of a lift as far as Mayfield. Might we still further encroach upon your generosity to the extent of a slice of bread and a piece of cheese for each of us? By my halidom, I assure you we have not broken our fast this day."

"Call your companion and the lady and you shall have a square meal," said Andy. "No hungry person need get by this wagon while I am with it."

"Young man, your generosity does you credit," said the actor, coming closer and grasping the young auctioneer by the hand. "I accept your invitation to the banquet, however simple, which your kindness of heart prompts you to offer to us poor travelers. We shall be most grateful to you, if not in your own person, in the person of a kindly yet well performed."

He turned and waved his hand.

proach. The stout man picked up the tall man's baggage in addition to his own, and he and the woman advanced to where Andy and Hans were just finishing their dinner.

"Friends, we have been invited by this prince of wagoners to a mid-day repast at his expense, and afterward to a lift in his chariot as far as Mayfield village, six miles distant. I beg of you to express the sentiments that such unexpected generosity deserves," said the tall actor.

"Young gent," said the stout man, "shake. You're a brick."

The lady, whose age might have been twenty-five, confined herself to a smile.

"Hans, fry a mess of eggs and ham for our guests," said Andy, "and make a fresh pot of coffee for three. Be lively about it, for they are hungry."

"Oddsbodkins!" exclaimed the tall man, with a look of hungry anticipation. "Thou art the good genius of the road. A thousand pities 'tis that people of our standing in the profession should be reduced to such dire straits as you behold. Permit me to introduce, first the lady, Miss Celestina Beverley, singing comedienne and ingenue."

Andy doffed his hat to the lady, who bowed quite low.

"This is Mr. Chalks, first low com."

"Happy to know you, young gent," said Chalks, offering his hand. "Let me do the honors. Mr. Claude Forrest, heavy leads, young gent," introducing the tall man.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, all," said the boy auctioneer. "My name is Rogers—Andy Rogers, auctioneer."

"Ah! you sell——"

"Everything," said Andy.

"And everybody," chirped the comedian, intending to be funny.

"You are wrong, Mr. Chalks," replied Andy. "I sell goods, not people."

"Thy jest was ill-timed, Chalks," said the leading heavy man, in a reproving tone, for he saw that the boy was offended. "Remember, you are not on the boards now."

"Oh, I beg pardon. No offence intended, young gent. Just my way, you know. Always gagging," protested Chalks.

"All right. We'll let it go at that," said Andy.

"How do you find business these days, young sir?" asked the leading heavy man, sniffing at the ham and eggs in the pan.

"It's pretty fair. It would be better, I think, if money wasn't so close."

"It's never close enough for me to get my hands on it," chuckled Chalks.

A plate of ham and eggs, with a liberal supply of bread and butter, and coffee was handed to each of the stranded thespians, and they began to devour it almost ravenously.

"'Tis food fit for the gods," said the leading heavy man, "and this coffee—it is the nectar of Olympus."

"Now, Claude, why is our late manager like the captain of a vessel?" asked the comedian.

"'Cause he's a skipper."

"Auly, I wish he were the skipper of some vessel and was boarded by a pirate and made to walk the plank," growled Forrest.

"I was boarded by a pirate once," said Chalks. "She charged me nine dollars for a hall bedroom and served hash three times a day."

Hans watched the thespians with open mouth as they put away the food. He took a peculiar interest in the leading heavy man on account of his stagey talk, and kept his eye fixed on him. The comedian, noticing it, suddenly called the heavy man's attention to something in the nearby field, and while his attention was thus engaged he pinched a very cheap timepiece out of his vest pocket in an open way. Hans gave a gasp.

"Py shinger!" he exclaimed, "off dot fellows ain't a pickpocket!"

He walked over to Forrest and said:

"Mine friendt, you lost somedings."

"Eh? What did I lose?"

"Feel vonce off dot pocket," said the Dutch boy, pointing.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the actor, with a melodramatic start, "my watch is gone."

"That's what watches were made for—to go," grinned the comedian, returning the timepiece.

"Off I vos you, I kept mine eyes on dot shaps," said Hans. "Off you don't look out, he took your shirt off your pack, I ped you."

The two actors and the soubrette roared at that sally.

"For vhy you laugh at dot?" cried Hans indignantly. "I don't see noddings funny apoud id. I took your plates now pefore you hide 'em," and the Dutch boy hastily gathered in the plates, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, and took a careful count of them before carrying them over to wash them up.

During the foregoing Andy had been relieving the horse of his empty feed bag preparatory to the start. Hans walked over to him and told him about the incident.

"Off you're going to give dem peoples a ride in der vagon, den I ride in dere, too, I ped you, so I seen dot dey don't stole somedings. You took mine vord for id, dey ain't no better as crooks," he said earnestly.

Andy chuckled to himself, for he judged the funny comedian had merely pulled a game off on his helper. Five minutes afterward the entire party were on the way to Mayfield, with Hans inside watching the thespians.

CHAPTER X.—On the Road.

Half the distance to Mayfield had been covered when Andy, who was alone on the front seat, heard the distant crack of a revolver. He looked in the direction of the sound. Down a long lane two figures were running at top speed, followed by three others a little way behind.

"Whoa, boys!" called Andy, running in. "There is something up. I guess a horse and carriage are chasing a bunch of crooks."

He started the horse and drove up. The party appeared to be the same as before, for they were still the same men, between themselves and their horses. As they passed over the gate to the road Andy started an exclamation of surprise. The fleeing party were Forrest and Jerry, whom he supposed to be carrying thirty

days at the workhouse where they had been sent. The rascals took a hasty look at the van, recognized it, and set off up the county road toward Mayfield. The farmer and his men came as far as the gate of the lane and there gave up the pursuit.

"What was those rascals doing on your place?" asked Andy.

"We surprised the scamps in the house. I'm afraid they've stolen some of my money," said the farmer.

"I know them," said Andy.

"You do?" exclaimed the farmer, in surprise.

"Yes. They were sent for thirty days to the workhouse by the magistrate of Woodbridge yesterday morning. They must have made their escape. I'm sorry they're at liberty, for they owe me a grudge."

"Owe you a grudge! What for?"

Andy explained how Barnaby, the younger of the chaps, had been connected with the wagon until he skipped with \$5, and how after forming the acquaintance of the man Jerry the pair had made their attempts to get back at him and the owner of the vehicle, the last of which had landed them in jail.

"Are you a traveling Cheap John?" asked the farmer.

"I call myself an auctioneer. I am selling all sorts of goods in the towns and villages I visit on my route," answered Andy.

"Got any good tin pans in your wagon?"

"Yes. Want to buy any?"

"If they're not too dear. We need three or four deep ones to hold milk in."

"I've got just what you want."

"Got any notions for the women?"

"A full supply just received from Des Moines."

"Drive up the lane into the yard, and perhaps you can do some business with us. My wife and daughters are looking for some ribbons, buttons, and such."

So Andy turned in at the lane, the gate of which the farmer held open for him. The back doors of the van stood open and the farmer gazed in surprise at the four persons inside. He hadn't expected to find that the wagon carried human beings as well as goods, and he began to feel he had been too hasty in inviting the outfit to his place. However, it was too late now to draw back, so he told his two men to hang about the yard while the van remained there. As soon as the yard was reached Andy called on the professionals to get out so he and Hans could attend to business.

"Who are those people?" the farmer asked him.

"They're actors I picked up on the road. I'm giving them a ride to Mayfield," replied the young auctioneer.

"Oh," replied the farmer, greatly relieved, "play-actors, eh? I s'pose they're out of a job."

"Yes. They are stranded. The company they came from Chicago with busted up in Ozark, and the manager ran off with the property. Their trunks were held by the proprietor of the hotel they stopped at."

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the farmer, who had heard of such things before and had no great sympathy for the profession.

Andy did not join in. He felt sorry for the

three strollers, and his sympathy had already taken a practical shape.

"Send your wife and daughters out and we will begin business," he said.

The farmer called to the women folks, who were already at the kitchen door. During the next half hour Andy and Hans were quite busy attending to the numerous wants of the women. He sold half a dozen milk pans, a kettle, a dozen table knives, forks, and a coffee pot. Then the notions were in order, and he sold a score of articles that the three women wanted badly. The whole footed up quite a sum in the farmer's eyes, and he wanted Andy to knock off ten per cent.

"What for?" asked the boy auctioneer.

"'Cause I'm a farmer."

"I allow no discount to farmers, or anybody else, on direct sales."

"But you're an auctioneer, ain't you?"

"An auctioneer and traveling dealer. Eight dollars and twenty cents, please."

The farmer paid with much reluctance and Andy then thanked him.

"Hop in, my friends," he said to the thespians, who had been sunning themselves on a near-by log and watching the sale with interest; "we will now proceed."

The professionals took their places in the wagon, with Hans, and Andy drove back down the lane and into the road. Pretty soon he heard the tinkle of the banjo inside. The comedian had spied the instrument, and taken it down, after some protest from the Dutch boy. Presently Chalks and Miss Celestina Beverley were singing one of their characteristic duets, and Hans' suspicions began to fade away under the style they imparted to the entertainment.

"Vell, I dink you two ain't so bad, but off you want to heard singing, der poss off dis vagon can done id like a be-ird."

"He can sing, eh?" said Chalks.

"I ped you he can sing," nodded Hans. "Und I can sing mineseluf."

"Now you're talking, Jackie! Let's have a sample of it."

"Hold on; don't call me Jackie. Dot ain'd mine names."

"What is your name, then?"

"Hans Steinfeldt."

"Give us a song, Hans, and I'll accompany you on the African harp."

"On der vot?"

"The banjo."

"Vhy didn't you said so at fe-irst? Dere ain't no harp in dis vagon."

"I'll give you the key now," said the comedian, striking the three principal A chords.

Hans sang his German comic song forthwith in a way that quite tickled the professionals.

"You ought to go on the stage, Hans."

"Is dot so-o? Off der stage wouldn't done petter by me as id has mit you t'ree I stayed right py der vagon, I ped you."

"That's a hot one," laughed Miss Beverley.

"Vot is hot?" asked Hans suspiciously.

"The weather," said Chalks.

"I ped you it is hot in dis vagon!"

"Why don't you get out and walk, then?"

"Vhy don'd you get oud und valk yourseluf?"

"No, thanks, I'm very comfortable here," said

the comedian, beginning to play "Old Dan Tucker."

The music evidently got into Miss Beverley's limbs, for she sprang up and began to give a few jig steps.

"Keep id ub!" shouted Hans, tickled to death over the exhibition.

"You'll have to excuse me. It's too warm."

"Vell, dot's too bad. I would like to seen you do more off dot. Vot kind off dance you call dot?"

"A jig."

"A yig! You done dot on der stage, yaw?"

"Sometimes; but I prefer to shine in the legitimate."

"Shine in der vót?"

"The legitimate. I prefer to do real acting."

"Is dot so-o? I dink your feet act purty vell in dot yig. Off I vos a manager, I would hire you to done id right along."

His words provoked a loud laugh from Chalks.

"You've made a hit with him, Cell," he said.

Hans wondered what he meant.

"If I were to die, would you marry again?" said the soubrette languidly.

"Not right away. I'd take a rest first," replied her husband, with a grin.

At that moment the wagon stopped at the trough of the Mayfield Inn. Andy got down and came around to the back.

"We're at Mayfield," he said. "I shall stay here till late in the evening. What are you going to do?"

The professionals looked at each other. They didn't know what they were going to do, for they were dead broke.

"I suppose we'll have to get out and try to bribe the landlord of the hotel to keep us till morning," said Chalks.

"And if he won't?" said Andy, who had been thinking up an idea while he was driving along.

"We'll have to hit the ties without supper," replied the comedian.

"You won't find the railroad here. It's farther on. I've a suggestion to offer that might help you."

"We're open to anything, young gent. Put it in words."

"If you people will help me draw a crowd tonight I'll furnish you with supper and breakfast, and pay for a room for the lady in the inn, and in the morning carry you farther on the road if you don't want to stay here."

His proposal was accepted by acclamation, and it was settled.

CHAPTER XI.—The Show that Andy Gave.

Andy drove into a vacant plot of ground and took the horse out to rest and rub the grass. Miss Beverley lay down on one of the benches and closed off to sleep. Andy and Hans got out a supply of cheap jewelry, watches, remedies, and other articles that the former intended to auction off. They placed them where they could be easily got at. Then the stove was taken outside under a big apple tree, and Hans began to get supper ready. While he was thus employed, Andy arranged a program with the actors. Claude Forrest agreed to recite a short dramatic poem.

Chalks said that he and his wife would do a vaudeville stunt on the platform.

"A little patter, you know, with a song or two," he said.

"I'll accompany you on the banjo," said Andy.

"You play, eh?"

"A little."

"Hans says you sing like a bird."

"Hans thinks everything I do is all right; but I'll give you a chance to judge of my vocal abilities before the sale is over."

"When is a crook like a bird?" asked Chalk.

"I give it up."

"When he's a-robin'," chuckled the comedian.

"You're full of them, aren't you?" said Andy.

"I can't help getting off a wheeze now and then."

Hans called everybody to supper, and it was eaten on the grass. After it was over, the comedian found the remains of a pack of cigarettes in his pockets and passed them around. Andy and Hans declined. As twilight came on, the horse was put to the wagon, and Andy drove up near the inn. It was a calm, clear night, and Andy was satisfied he would draw a good crowd, for the banjo and the voices would carry some distance. The platform was lowered and the gasoline torches put in place.

Andy donned the sombrero and Mexican jacket, Miss Beverley donned a thin, flowered skirt over her dress, with a flaxen wig. Chalks produced a loud vest from his grip and a red wig, and the heavy man adopted a long black wig. That was about all the costume they had brought from Ozark, for they couldn't get any more in their bags. As Chalks was a good banjoist the honor of beginning proceedings was delegated to him, and he got on the job as soon as Andy gave the word. A small crowd had begun to gather, attracted by the wagon and the lights. The banjo brought many additions.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to introduce myself to you this evening as Andy the Auctioneer," began our hero. "I propose to introduce to your attention my large and varied stock of goods from Des Moines, and my unrivalled world-renowned remedies, the names of which are painted on the wagon. In order to amuse you during this sale, I have engaged a number of talented artists from Chicago. Now, whether you patronize me or not, you will have the pleasure of listening to an entertainment which would cost you in the opera house fifty cents. Previous to introducing the distinguished legitimate actor, Claude Forrest, in his thrilling dramatic recitation, I will offer you a chance to buy a few of these remarkably fine watches, which are warranted for one year at least. Who will start this watch at one dollar? Gold-filled case and perfect workmanship. That is my offer. I warranted to be a perfect time-keeper. That is my offer. One dollar. Now, I want to hear from every corner of the crowd. I don't want another. Thank you, sir. I am offered one dollar and fifty cents for this beautiful watch. Unless you bid something, I will have to withdraw it from the sale and offer it to the next bidder. One dollar and fifty cents. That's better, but still way below my seventy-five. Thank you, sir. I see you know a good thing when you have it shown to you. The dollar. Ah! there is a

gentleman who doesn't want to let a good thing get away from him. Going at two dollars. Once—twice, and," here Andy raised his right hand, "when he was stopped by a bid of \$2.25.

The watch went at \$2.60, after a spirited bidding between the last two bidders, and the city retail price for it was just \$1!

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that is the only bargain at that price I have," said Andy, handing the man the watch in a box, and taking his money. "The gentleman who captured it can congratulate himself. I have another, however, that is practically as good. In fact, you won't be able to notice any difference between them, but I bought a number at a bankrupt sale and the purchaser will get all that advantage. I will start it at two dollars. Who says two and a quarter?"

Andy exhibited the mate of the other watch. Nobody said \$2, but a man offered \$1.50. Andy declared that he must get a small profit and got a bid at \$1.75. He sold two more at the same price and that exhausted the desire for watches on the part of the crowd. The four watches stood Andy in sixty cents each, consequently his profit footed up \$5.45. Dick never tried to get over \$1.25 for that brand of watch, and usually let them go at \$1, but Andy adopted a different method and profited accordingly.

"Gentlemen, I will now introduce the distinguished actor, Claude Forrest."

That personage stepped out of the wagon and gave his recitation with his most studied effect. He received a round of applause. Andy then auctioned off a number of pieces of jewelry at a handsome profit.

"You will now have the pleasure of listening to one of the headliners of the vaudeville stage—Miss Celestina Beverley," said Andy.

Miss Beverley appeared with her stage smile and captured the crowd, which had by this time grown to large proportions, for the word had gone forth all over the village that a free show was going on near the inn. She sang two songs to Chalks' accompaniment. Then Andy introduced the famous pain eradicator in a flowery but different style than Dick had used.

"It will stop an aching tooth in a minute," he said.

Somebody in the crowd held up his hand and began making his way toward the wagon.

"Give me a bottle right away," he said, holding his hand to his jaw.

"Have you a toothache, sir?" asked Andy.

"Have I? Great Scott! I've been walking the street for an hour. If your stuff will cure it in a minute I'll give you a dollar."

"Step right up on the platform, sir," and the man did. "A stool, Hans."

"Ladies and gentlemen, talk is cheap, but evidence is strong. I'm going to demonstrate on this gentleman that my pain eradicator will do all I claim for it."

Andy got a special bottle of his preparation which was extra strong; diluting a piece of cotton, he told the man to pack it in his tooth.

"Wow!" he shouted. "It's worse!"

"Calm yourself, sir. In less than a minute you will experience a relief that will feel heavenly to you. Ladies and gentlemen, this preparation I am selling to-night for a quarter," hazarded

Andy, who looked for great results from his patient.

Ten cents was what Dick had always sold it for, but Andy knew if the man was cured in about a minute nobody would stand on the price in their desire to purchase it.

"It's a very small bottle," he said, "but it's worth five dollars to a sufferer from the toothache. What is a quarter compared to the excruciating torture of a toothache that won't—"

"Whoop!" interrupted the man, springing up and throwing his hat in the air. "The pain is all gone. You're a jewel!" and he fairly hugged Andy. "Here's the dollar I promised you. Give me two bottles."

"Two bottles will cost you only fifty cents."

"To blazes with the balance! What do I care for fifty cents. The pain is gone and that's worth fifty dollars to me."

He grabbed two bottles and jumped down. He was the village blacksmith and everybody knew him. The result was there was a tremendous rush for the pain eradicator, and Andy had to press all hands into service handing the bottles out. He sold forty bottles, and received altogether \$10.50. The cost of bottles, labels and raw materials was less than three cents each. His profit therefore was about \$9.40. Truly he was doing a land-office business that night, the like of which Dick had never dreamed of. When the excitement over the pain eradicator had subsided, Andy announced that Hans Steinfeldt, the amusing Dutch comedian, would oblige. Hans marched out on the platform.

"Goot efening, mine friends. I hope I seen you all vell to-night. Off you listen mit all your ears you vill heard me sing der comic song called 'Her Farder Kept a Barber Shob.'"

That was Andy's cue to strike up, and forthwith Hans plunged into his song. The people listened with puzzled attention, except a few who understood the German language, and they grinned hugely. As he paused for breath at the end of the chorus a voice shouted:

"For the love of Mike, why don't yez sing in United States, so we kin understand yez?"

"Vot's der matter mit you?" replied Hans. "Where else am I singing but in der United States? Where do you dink you are, anyways—in Hoboken?"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. He sang the whole song in German, and of course the majority wasn't sure whether it was funny or not, though they presumed it was from Hans' grimaces. As soon as Hans retired Andy brought out his World Renowned Lung Balsam, and his statement that it would ease a fresh cough almost immediately and cure a standing one within a reasonable time, produced the sale of two dozen bottles, for the evidence he had given of the efficacy of the pain eradicator gave his audience confidence in his word. The next thing on the program was a short act by Chalks and his wife. It took finely, and they got a big encore. They responded with a duet, Andy playing the accompaniment.

Andy then offered some fancy articles, which he said was the last thing he would put up that evening. He sold a few, then calling for the banjo, he sang one of the latest sentimental songs, and the three professionals listened to him with

great interest. He was vociferously applauded and obliged with "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River."

All hands then came out and joined in "Good Night, Ladies." The crowd then broke up, well pleased with the entertainment they had witnessed, which was a decided novelty in the village. As Andy had made fully double what he had counted on, he decided to treat the professionals handsomely. He told them he would put them all up at the inn for a lodging and breakfast, and they could join the wagon at eight o'clock the next morning, at the western end of Main Street.

Then he and Hans turned in for the night.

CHAPTER XII.—Finish of Barnaby and Jerry.

About three in the morning Andy woke up with a start. The sound of voices outside the wagon had aroused him. He cocked up his ears and listened. The speakers were standing in the road close to the vehicle. The familiarity of the tones assured him that the parties were Barnaby and Jerry.

"We've made a good haul this time," said Jerry. "Luck is turning our way at last. There was \$27 in the till and we pinched every nickel. Besides, we've each got a brand-new pair of shoes, and a lot of other things."

"I wish we dared tackle this wagon again, but I reckon it's too risky. That auctioneer chap seems to sleep with one eye open all the time. I wonder how he came to have the two cops in the wagon night before last? One would think he knew we were coming."

"I don't see how he could have known. We never said a word to any one but Tupper. Poor old Tup! He's got his, and he lost all the swag on top of it."

"I tell you what we might do: Steal that old nag and leave the wagon stranded," said Barnaby.

"No, I ain't in favor of monkeyin' with this giggit at all, seein' as we're well fixed now. I leave in lettin' well enough alone. Come on, we'll go over to that shanty yonder and turn in for the night. In the mornin' we'll skip out."

The speakers walked away. Andy got up and looked out of one of the small windows in the rear. He saw Barnaby and Jerry in the act of getting over the fence, with two bundles. He watched them walk over to, and enter, the shanty they had referred to.

"They've committed a robbery in the village," thought Andy, "and now they're going to pass the rest of the night in that shanty. I wonder what time it is?"

He turned up the lamp and consulted his watch. It was fifteen minutes past three.

"If I had any idea where the head constable lives I'd go to his house and put him on to those chaps," he said to himself. "I might go to the inn, wake the landlord up and inquire, but I don't imagine he'd be pleased."

Andy sat on the edge of his bunk and pondered over the problem.

"I've a great mind to go over to the shanty and see if I can fix things so those rascals can't get out in the morning," he said.

He decided to do so. He put on his clothes and started. When he reached the building, which was a dilapidated affair, he found the door shut. It was provided with a hasp and a staple, but nothing to fasten the hasp with. He walked around the building and found that the only mode of egress was by way of the door.

"I've got a padlock in the wagon. I'll get it and secure this hasp to the staple, then I'll have them locked in good and proper," thought Andy.

He hurried back to the wagon, got the padlock and carried out his purpose without alarming the inmates, who were sound asleep.

"I'll warrant they'll have a nice time trying to get out. They'll have to stay till the constable takes charge of them. They're wanted, anyway, at the Woodbridge Workhouse, but if they've robbed a store in the village they'll go to the State prison," said Andy, as he walked back to the wagon.

Andy went to bed and was aroused at six by Hans, who already had breakfast under way. The young auctioneer took a look in the direction of the shanty. The door was shut as he had left it, and there was no evidence that the pair of rascals had as yet succeeded in forcing their way out.

Andy told the Dutch boy about the pair of rascals he had cooped up in the shanty, and how he was going after a constable to have them arrested. He hurried through breakfast and then started into the village. At the first store he came to, he inquired the location of the constable's residence.

"You'll find him over at Jones' general store, two blocks up. The place was robbed last night, and he's taking notes there," replied the storekeeper.

Andy hurried to Jones' store, the entrance to which was blocked by a crowd of inquisitive villagers, for the news of the robbery was all over the village by that time. Jones' clerk was standing guard on the door to keep people out while Jones and the constable were making an inventory of the loss sustained.

"I want to see the constable in a hurry," said Andy.

"He's busy now," said the clerk.

"I don't care how busy he is. I want to see him."

The clerk shouted to the officer, and he came over. Andy pushed his way inside and told the constable that he had a line on the thieves who had rifled the store.

"You're the traveling auctioneer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"How do you know anything about the thieves?"

Andy quickly told him that the rascals were fugitives from the Woodbridge Workhouse, and that they had awakened him about three that morning by their voices in conversation close to his van. Then he told him what they said they had taken.

Andy then told him how he had seen the rascals go over to a shanty in the field not far from where his wagon stood, where they intended to remain till morning, and explained how he had locked them in to hold them there.

"You'd better hurry back with me, or they might find a way of breaking out of the build-

ing, in which case you'd have to whistle for them," said the young auctioneer.

The constable agreed with him, and, calling on a couple of the villagers to accompany him and followed by others whose curiosity had been aroused by Andy's presence and interview with the officer, they started for the outskirts of the village.

Andy handed the key of the padlock to the constable. Stationing all hands about the entrance the officer opened the door and ordered the occupants to walk out and give themselves up. Barnaby and Jerry took a look at the crowd and threw up the sponge. They realized that they hadn't a chance to get away. The constable handcuffed them and called on his assistants to take charge of the two bundles of plunder from the store. The party then started for the village, after Andy had been told that he would be expected to appear before the magistrate that morning to tell his story. That meant he could not make an early start on his way, for which delay he intended to ask for some recompense. The three professionals turned up at eight o'clock and Andy explained to them what had happened.

At ten o'clock the prisoners were brought before the magistrate. Andy was present in the little courtroom, which was jammed by villagers.

When called on he told his story, and everybody saw that the arrest of the thieves was due to him. After the prisoners had been remanded to the county jail for trial he told the magistrate that he expected to be paid for the time he had lost in the interest of the storekeeper and the public welfare. The result was the storekeeper presented him with \$10 and the magistrate ordered the village treasurer to add \$15 more to the amount. The capture of the rascals therefore added \$25 to Andy's exchequer, and at half-past eleven the van was on its way again. The village of Plainville was only a dozen miles away and they reached the place long before dark. Here Andy repeated his program of the preceding evening and made out very well, considering that the place was smaller than Mayfield, and he was denied the advantage of a toothache patient to practice on. He put the professionals up at the hotel, where he learned that the town of Chester, fifteen miles away, was on the railroad. On the way there next morning he offered to give the professionals \$5 each for their services up to and including one night at the town, or take them on to Des Moines at his expense and pay them \$10 each for their service as far as that city.

After a consultation they agreed that after the handsome treatment they had so far received from him that they would willingly help him out as far as Des Moines, at which place they were more likely to find a chance to get on their own feet. That arrangement having been settled to the satisfaction of all, Andy looked forward to doing a rushing business at Chester.

CHAPTER XIII.—News from Dick.

Chester was duly reached and after an early supper at a restaurant in front of which the wagon pulled up, Dick drove to the factory district, and was ready for business when the work-

ing people quit for the day. Music and song drew a big crowd and Andy devoted his energies wholly to working off his remedies. He did a very fair trade for half an hour, and then pulled out for the principal street of the town. The billboards were covered with the posters of a traveling show for that evening at the opera house. Chalks said he knew the attraction, and declared it was a tart one. They drove slowly past the opera house, which was not yet open, and finally anchored near a hotel, with the post office on the other side of the way. Andy allowed the professionals to take a stroll around, as it was too early to begin operations yet. Leaving Hans in charge of the wagon, he took a walk himself to stretch his legs, but soon returned.

The platform of the wagon was let down, the lights lit, with sundry additions in the shape of Japanese colored lanterns strung around on a cord and business began. The show that Andy gave kept a good many people away from the opera house who had intended patronizing it. His sales were large on this occasion, and it was nearly midnight when he registered his professionals at a cheap hotel and returned to the outskirts with the wagon. On the following day Andy opened up business in the morning about ten on one of the main streets, offering his watches, jewelry, knickknacks and remedies, Walker Chalks furnishing some banjo music and songs by way of attraction. The afternoon was passed in the same way, and in consideration of the comedian's special services, Andy paid him \$2. Another evening show and sale was given near the opera house, which was dark, to good receipts, and next morning the wagon continued on its way. Andy visited half a dozen more villages, and did more business with the farmers en route, before he finally reached Des Moines. There he parted from the three professionals, who declared they had a bang-up time while with him, and were perfectly satisfied. Andy stopped at the post office and asked for letters for himself and Hans.

Two were handed to him, one of which was addressed to the Dutch boy. Andy mounted to his seat, handed Hans his letter, and broke the seal of his own. He was eager to hear from his friend Dick, and, if possible, learn the nature of the business that had taken him off from his business. He failed in his hurry to notice the postmark on the envelope, and when he saw that the letter had been written at Goldfield, he nearly fell off the seat in surprise.

"Dear Charlie," ran the letter. "I am in the gold fields on the track of a mine I got in Des Moines about my father, your father and Henry Murphy, my partner. I have verified facts that I don't think would do you good to let you in on till I had run them down. Now I'm in a position to tell you that the three fellows discovered at the edge of the crater out in Dutch Valley were not my father, and yours, and Murphy. They have since been identified as three prospectors who went into the valley months before our people went there. I am sorry to say that up to this writing I've been unable to find any one around the district who has heard from our people. Dutch Valley has not had a good reputation. While it is generally believed that

gold is there, the risks of getting at it deter the majority from venturing in its deadly limits.

"I was speaking to a man yesterday who has been out there. He told me that if he had known in advance the horrible tortures he was to pass through when he first entered on a prospecting tour of Death Valley, he never would have gone there. For all that he speaks enthusiastically of the Valley's future as a great gold field, and is thinking of organizing an expedition to go back there. He believes that under suitable conditions the Valley can be safely prospected. I asked him what he thought of the chances of our people coming out all right. He shrugged his shoulders and said it was too doubtful to hazard an opinion. He says the fact that they have been away over seven months looks bad. He said the lack of water is the chief peril that intruders in the Valley have to face. Now, old man, I hope you have done well on your trip to Des Moines. If you need a fresh supply of goods go to the places I have written on the enclosed slip and they will fix you up. Then take a trip north, south, or west, that will cover say three weeks or so going and returning. By that time another letter will be waiting for you giving my further movements. Write me a long letter, care of the Mansard House, Goldfield, and let me know all that has happened to you since we parted company. I intend to stay out here until I get word of our people and learn definitely whether they are alive or dead. That is all for the present, from your friend and chum,

"DICK DESMOND."

So Dick's movement were explained at last. On the whole, Andy was glad to know that Dick was searching for the missing prospectors. Now that the identity of the three dead men had been fully established, he was more confident than ever that his father, Dick's father, and Henry Murphy were still alive, though perhaps lost, somewhere in the awful wildness of the Valley. He wrote a letter to Dick, describing his trip from Woodbridge to Des Moines, beginning with his auction sale at the private house, and mentioned the amount of his profits, which with his original capital of \$40, footed up to over \$400. He said that in his assistant Hans he had a jewel—a boy, who was of immense assistance to him.

Laying in a new stock, Andy started westward on another trip.

On this trip the boys met with a varied experience which our limited space forbids our describing. They encountered delays from various causes, and Andy transacted more business with the farmers than he had figured on. On the whole he made a good profit, and was worth over \$500 when he drove into Atlantic, which at the time of which we write had a population of 5,000 inhabitants, and was a thoroughly wideawake place. Andy went to the postoffice the first thing and found a letter awaiting him from Dick. It was from Goldfield, was very brief, and ran as follows:

"Dear Pal—This will inform you that I have joined a bunch of prospectors bound for Death Valley. We are well watered and provisioned for the trip, but for all that the old timers here shake

their heads and say we are tempting Providence. Perhaps we are. Perhaps you'll never see or hear from me again. If so, remember that I died in a good cause—the search for my father and yours. In that event I make you my heir to the wagon and all connected with it, and wish you every success in life. From your chum,

"DICK DESMOND."

"Dear old chap," said Andy, "it would be a million pities if anything happened to him. His is a brave and true heart—loyal to his father, and if any one deserves success it should come to him."

Andy did nothing that day, but Hans remarked that he was very thoughtful. Next morning he went down into the business section, bought a new supply of goods, and instead of returning to Des Moines turned Bony's head toward Council Bluffs and the Missouri River, about fifty miles away.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"Dis is a great country, boss Andy," said Hans, as they rode along through the fruitful country of west Iowa. "Py shinger, id peats der deck."

"That's right. The United States is the greatest country on the face of the globe."

"I ped you id is. Mine sister wrote me a lot apoud it, und vhen mine prudder-in-law sent me der stamps to pay mine vays to him I lose me no dime doing id. I'm glad dot mine prudder-in-law couldn't found somedings for me to done right away, so dot I got ocquainted mit you. I like dis pusiness better as vorking py a store. How far vest you dink off going?"

"I haven't made up my mind, Hans. The Missouri River we are approaching is less than half-way across the continent. I may continue on through Nebraska, perhaps go farther. If you want to draw out any time, say the word and I will put you on a train that will take you back to your sister," said Andy.

"Vhen I draw oud id vill peen vhen you kick me oud. I stay mit you off you gone as far as der land goes," said Hans.

The wagon did a good business all the way to Council Bluffs, then Andy bought more goods, crossed the bridge to Omaha, and took the road toward Lincoln, a city of over 40,000. From Lincoln they went straight west to Hastings, and from there to Kearney, on the Union Pacific Railroad.

"This is as far as the wagon goes, Hans," said Andy.

"So?" ejaculated Hans.

"I shall put it up here to await my return. Are you game to accompany me to the far-off Nevada gold fields?"

"Am I game to follow you to der Europe, if necessary? I ped you!"

"Then we'll start to-morrow."

By the end of the week Andy and Hans registered at the Mansard House, in Goldfield, and the former made inquiries about his friend.

"He went to Death Valley more than seven weeks ago," said the proprietor.

"Where can I find out something about the crowd he went with?"

"They started from the Miners' Rest. Go there."

Andy went and he learned many particulars about the party. He also learned that another party was about to take the same trail.

"Can myself and a friend go, too?"

"Are you prospectors—experienced, I mean?"

"No."

"I thought not from your age. Better stay nere. Death Valley is a wilderness of lava. If you are tired of your life, you might go; but otherwise——"

The man shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Andy sought out the leader of the expedition and gave his reasons for desiring to accompany the party.

"You are prepared to pay your footing and take the same chances we do?"

"I am."

"You can come."

Two weeks later, under the glow of a declining sun, Andy and Hans stood in the full flush of a ruddy glow on the edge of a fathomless water hole, in a wilderness so utterly barren that the pen of the writer cannot describe it. It was a big hole, a kind of small lake of clear blue water, which was charged with various chemical properties. Not a ripple disturbed its surface. The water was some distance down in its inaccessible pit. One could only reach the surface by being lowered by a rope.

Hans picked up a stone and shied it down into the water. It hit the surface with a splash and the ripples widened out, but the stone could be seen sinking down, down into the depths. As the eyes of the boys followed it, Andy suddenly saw something move near the surface of the lake. He looked and saw that it was the arm of a man waving a jacket out of a hole.

"Look, Hans, look! There's a man down there, and he's signaling," he cried.

"Py shinger, dot's a fact. He wants to peen taken oud, I ped you."

"Run to the camp and tell the men. Tell them to come here with the long rope," said Andy, excitedly.

Hans started on the run, while Andy watched the hole and the signaling arm.

The men came up on the run, and Andy pointed out the waving jacket to them.

"I'll go down if you'll lower me carefully," he said.

In a few moments Andy was sliding slowly down into the hole. At last he reached the spot where the arm was still working back and forth.

"Who's there?" he asked.

The arm was withdrawn and a face was framed in the opening.

"Help us, for the love of Heaven!" said the man.

"All right. Are you alone?"

"No. There are two others with me."

"Two more? That's three," cried the boy all of a thrill. "Your names."

"Mine is Henry Murphy."

Andy gave a yell.

"The others are Jack Rogers and Joe Desmond."

"Yes. How did you guess? Are you looking for us?"

"I am. My name is Andy Rogers. Send my father to the hole."

Jack Rogers, unkempt and hairy, appeared.

"Are you my son Andy, whom I haven't seen for nearly six years?"

"I am, father. Here to save you and your two friends."

They clasped hands through the hole.

"Father, I will signal the men above to draw me up, and then send the rope down weighted with a stone. Tie it around your waist and you will be helped up."

The three lost men were soon rescued and father and son were clasped in each other's arms.

The story of the lost prospectors, boiled down, was this:

Four months after they left Goldfield they were prospecting near the lake when the lava gave way under them and they were carried down into the earth. Here they would soon have perished of starvation, but for the discovery of a cache of provisions and water, fish from the lake and birds which they shot, on which they lived while trying to bore their way to freedom. They had just exhausted their last food when the stone thrown by Hans into the water attracted their attention and, believing people were above, they had adopted the signal which led to their rescue.

Next day the other bunch of prospectors came that way, and it proved to be the party Dick was with, and so he and his father were reunited, and the two boys came together again, to their great satisfaction. A week later the three lost prospectors and the three boys entered Goldfield, and the former were hailed as men from the grave. Andy and Dick decided to give up traveling and embark in the auction business in Goldfield, which was a new field for their energies.

They hired an office and put up a sign.

In the course of a week they were hired to auction off a claim that had disappointed its owners. They advertised the sale, but only half a dozen people appeared. Andy mounted a wagon and called for a bid. No one replied.

"I'll start it at \$1,000. Nine hundred, eight, seven, six, five. Who'll give \$500 for this full-sized claim? Gentlemen, do you want it for nothing?"

"I wouldn't give five cents for it," said a man. "It's no good."

"All right, gentlemen. I'll take a chance on it myself. I'll bid \$500, who says \$550? Five hundred once, \$500 twice, your last chance, gentlemen. SOLD—to Andy Rogers, auctioneer. I've bid it in, gentlemen, because this is the firm's first sale, and I didn't want it to be a failure."

Six months passed away, and the firm of Rogers & Desmond were doing finely in their line when one day Andy's father, while crossing his claim, fell into a prospect hole and narrowly escaped breaking his neck.

When he crawled out he brought a lump of quartz with him, which on being assayed proved rich in gold and silver. Investigation followed, and a rich vein of ore was found running through the claim, which turned the laugh on those who let Andy bid the property in.

Next week's issue will contain "DOUBLING THEIR DOLLARS; OR, SCHOOLMATES IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

UNUSUAL CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Among unusual cases of cruelty to animals which have been reported recently is that of Mr. and Mrs. William Ernst, living near Armour, S. D., who are alleged to have put out the eyes of twenty or more hogs with a sharp instrument because the animals were killing chickens.

EMOTIONAL INSANITY OF NEW TYPE.

An elderly man, well dressed and of distinguished appearance, smashed the window of one of the most fashionable jewelry shops on Rue Saint-Honore, Paris, the other day, with his heavy gold-headed cane, but made no attempt to get any gems. An angry crowd quickly gathered and surrounded the man while the shop proprietor went for a gendarme.

"Stand back!" shouted the old man, swinging his cane. "That is the man you should lynch," pointing to the sign on the door of the shop, bearing the proprietor's name. "It is immoral in these times of stress and misery to expose in a window such articles for sale."

"There is the cause of all the trouble," he cried, pointing to an enormous diamond, which still remained in the window. "Look at the price tag on it."

They did. The tag bore the words "Price: 1,000,000 francs."

At the proprietor and a gendarme came into view the crowd opened up and the elderly gentleman vanished.

ARGENTINA SWEEP BY PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

A plague of locusts, like that which in ancient Egypt "covered the face of the earth," this year descended upon the province of Santa Fe. Similar occurrences are almost annual events in one part or another of Argentina.

The locusts come suddenly and without warning. Where, for a year or several years, perhaps, not one of the insects has been seen, a veritable cloud of them will one day appear and settle on the ground. These usually come from the northwest, from the vast, almost uninhabited tracts in that direction, it is supposed. They cover the earth like a moving carpet, gradually moving on.

At first little damage is done aside from the annoyance of having literally millions of the insects covering everything and even penetrating the houses. But as they progress through the country they bore holes into the earth, preferably in open spots such as roadways, into which they deposit their eggs. Within a short time the larvae appear and come forth. At first these cannot do much harm, but it is at this stage that they devour everything within their path, with the exception of the hard parts of plants.

When the locusts die, their wings, which they have used to travel almost as suddenly as they came. Where they go to has never been ascertained.

The government has had recourse to many methods of

fighting the locusts. The nation maintains organized locust fighting squads, something like those formed to fight forest fires, and these are sent every year to the sections invaded. In addition, every rancher is held responsible for fighting the pest in his own locality.

One of the methods employed is to dig trenches in which the insects are collected, afterward being burned. But no matter how many millions of them are made away with in any such manner, it is impossible to block the pest owing to the great extent of Argentina, much of which is still sparsely settled.

LISTED AS DEAD, RETURNS AFTER TWO YEARS.

After having been reported by the Red Cross as killed in action in France more than two years ago, and having been eulogized in all of Passaic's memorial exercises since then, Lloyd A. Bogart, former high school athlete of Passaic, N. J., arrived home in the flesh the other morning with a request that his name be taken from the "gold star" list.

Incidentally Bogart carried in his pocket two honorable discharges, one from the United States Army and the other from the Marine Corps, the latter being in the name of Lewis Albert Bateman. The discharge from the army was granted only the other day at Governor's Island, after Bogart had proved that the stigma of desertion, which stood against him, should be wiped out under the unwritten law which restores to a deserter his good name when it has been shown by his reenlistment that he went "over the hill" merely as a short cut to the fighting front.

Bogart is the son of Warren H. Bogart, an employee of the New York Edison Company, of 43 Henry street. He has two sisters here. While a senior at the Passaic High School, Bogart enlisted in April, 1917, in Company A, 114th Infantry, that command being the old 5th Regiment, New Jersey National Guard.

Training at Anniston, Ala., seemed unnecessarily slow to Bogart, who thought he could find a quicker way to become a fighting man. He disappeared in a suit of "civvies" and finally enlisted in the Marine Corps at Akron, Ohio, under the name of Bateman. He was trained at Paris Island, S. C., and sent with the rank of corporal to the ship's company on the battleship Pennsylvania, flagship of the Atlantic fleet. On several trips to New York Bogart was kept busy dodging home folks.

As soon as he had received his discharge from the marines last October Bogart reported at Governor's Island and stated his case. His honorable discharge was procured recently, after investigation by the War Department.

The Red Cross report of his death in action came in response to inquiries by Bogart's family, in which the War Department neither confirmed nor deny the report, but it was generally accepted that Bogart had died on the battlefield, until his reappearance to-day.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(continued.)

Geographical societies, after passing on the data, declared that it must be so. Also that Mount Erebus had been scaled.

Best of all to Joe and Madge, old Admiral White, long retired, publicly thanked them for discovering the sad fate of the old time explorers, including James White, who was a nephew.

Ultimately, this led in a roundabout way to Captain Barclay's promotion. Hawley, when of age, was made a commander. Dr. Carr was also advanced.

As for Madge herself, the girl grew tired of the attention paid her, and finally shielded her identity by becoming the wife of Commander Hawley.

As to Hawley, the plucky boy explorer, who has not heard of him or read his books on Antarctic exploration, or listened to his lectures on the rare occasions when he can be lured before the footlights to tell the story of the South Pole.

A story of love, devotion, and danger; of faithfulness, endurance and final success.

The theme is as old as Homer, and the demonstrators come and go with each generation. Each generation applauds; and so the past has enlarged the present.

The present is busy in its turn, enlarging the future of mankind. But in this illustrious role, there are few names more favorably known than those of the boy explorer and his equally adventurous though modest wife.

THE END

VINES AND TREES WATER SOURCES

Whatever else we can do without, we must have water, and no substitute will answer, asserts the Philadelphia Inquirer. Although all foods, animal and vegetable, contain a certain amount of liquid nourishment, they do not assuage thirst sufficiently to dispense with water, and therefore continued existence is impossible for mankind where it cannot be obtained.

But the methods of procuring water are not confined to digging wells or storing up the rainfall in reservoirs.

David Lindsay, who explored the great Australian desert, says that the whole of that almost waterless country is inhabited by natives, who get their water supply by draining the roots of the mallee tree, which yields quantities of pure water. This tree, absorbing moisture from the air, retains it in considerable quantities in its roots and thus makes it possible to live in an arid region which would otherwise be uninhabitable.

There are people in other parts of the world who get their supply of water in a peculiar way. The explorer Coudreau, for instance, found, while wandering in the western part of Guiana, that it was not necessary for his men to descend to a creek when they wanted a drink of water. A vine known as the water vine is found all through that region. It yields an abundant supply of excellent drinking fluid whenever it is called upon.

This vine grows to a length of sixty to ninety feet. It is usually about as thick as the upper part of the human arm. It winds itself loosely around trees, clambers up to their summits, and then falls down perpendicularly to the ground, where it takes root again.

The natives cut this vine off at the ground, and then, at a height of six or seven feet, they cut it again, which leaves in their hands a very stout piece of wood a little longer than themselves. In order to obtain its sap they raise the lower end of the vine upon some support and apply the upper end to their mouths.

The section of the vine, while showing a smooth, apparently compact surface, is pierced with many little veins, through which the sap flows freely. Six feet of the vine gives a pint of water, which is slightly sweet to the taste. Coudreau says that it quenches thirst as effectively as water from the most refreshing brook.

The bushmen of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently arid region with the brightest of verdure and filling for a few short days the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottom of these dried-up river beds.

They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

The animals that inhabit such wastes as the Kalahari are, of course, accustomed to living upon very small and infrequent supplies of water.

(To be continued)

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

Another Grand Serial Story

—Entitled—

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

OPENING CHAPTERS NEXT WEEK

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

Lewis B. King, a West Chester, Pa., hunter, has a beagle hound which is not handicapped by using only three legs in the chase. One day recently it started a rabbit and chased it for nearly half an hour, finally running it within shooting distance, and it was killed by the hunter. During the chase King noticed that the hound was running in a curious fashion. He found that it had one of its hind legs through its collar.

BEAR IN SHEEP PEN.

Fred Williams, a Three Lakes, Wis., farmer, recently lost eight fine sheep as the result of a raid on his pens by a huge black bear. It is said the animal was the largest ever seen in this locality.

Men employed on the farm observed the bear in his attack on the sheep. One of the men secured a rifle and succeeded in knocking the animal over, wounding him slightly. During the excitement the trigger jammed on the second shell and bruin recovered sufficiently to make his escape.

An inspection of the pens revealed the mutilated carcasses of eight sheep. The bear evidently was not hungry, but found sport in killing the sheep and tearing their bodies. Bears are numerous in this part of Oneida County this fall.

ROVER SAVED SIX THOUSAND SHEEP IN A FIRE.

Rover, a shepherd dog owned by Isadore Nollet, St. Paul Park, Minn., was the hero of a \$70,000 fire, in which 1,500 sheep were burned to death and four sheds, forty box cars of feed and large quantities of machinery destroyed early in the morning recently.

Agnes Nollet, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. Nollet, was busily engaged studying her school lessons late the other night. Rover began barking. His continuous barking attracted the attention of Agnes to the window. Looking out, she discovered the sheds ablaze.

Awakening her father and other members of the family, they rushed to the sheds. More than 7,000 sheep locked up in the sheds were in immediate danger of being burned to death.

Opening the gates, Nollet sent Rover in to drive the sheep out of the sheds. Minding his master, the dog did his work faithfully, and as a result more than 6,000 head of sheep were rushed to safety. Rover's hair was slightly burned as a result of his efforts.

PREHISTORIC NAVAJO VILLAGE UNCOVERED.

Earl H. Morris, who uncovered from the sands of New Mexico an Aztec apartment house of 400 rooms, has now found a prehistoric Navajo village containing twenty buildings of from four to fifty rooms, of which he has written to the Museum of Natural History.

Until Mr. Morris and his museum helpers uncovered the settlement, only desert mounds had marked the site. He writes that it has proved the richest find of the season.

"The winds of centuries had blown away the dust and ashes from the refuse heaps in which

the dead were interred," he says, "and mortuary vases were left protruding from the soil. Each body lay in a pit. In preparation for burial the knees were drawn up against the chest and the feet thrown backward toward the hips, evidently to make the body take up as little room as possible. Clay vessels were invariably placed beside the head or in front of the breast or abdomen. Usually the pit was covered with a stone slab sometimes held up by cedar poles.

"The wealth of objects with the skeletons of children furnished pathetic evidence that the hearts of this primitive people were deeply hurt by the loss of their little ones. Covering the bones of one more infant were an elegant red bowl, a slender drinking vessel and a small vase filled with jet ornaments and shell beads and pendants from the far Pacific, the latter a treasure that may well have meant the entire wealth of a family.

"The 200 pottery vessels in the tombs indicate that this desert settlement belonged to a culture period more ancient than that represented by the enormous community dwelling at Aztec, in the exploration of which our efforts have centered in the last five years. In the period of the settlement the people lived in scattered villages, unoppressed by the dread of enemies; that dread impelling them later to build such strongholds as the apartment-house-fortress at Aztec."

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The Famous Detective Story Out To-Day in No. 76 Is

THE SPIRIT WITNESS

By Chas. Fulton Oursler

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THE AINOS.

By John Sherman.

While much has been spoken and written of late years about Japan and the Japanese, yet the general public, which is so familiar with this subject, seems to be entirely unaware that in that empire there exists a race of human beings as distinct in their characteristics, customs, and language from the Japanese as our American Indian is from his white conquerors. And, in fact, there are many points of similarity between the relations of the Japanese toward the Ainos and those that we bear to the Indians. As we found the Indian controlling the whole country, and step by step drove him back, until now he is restrained within limited bounds in the far West, so the Japanese, step by step, and after centuries of hard fighting, drove the Ainos (the undoubted aboriginal of that country) into the far North, until he is now to be found only in the island of Yezo, the extreme northernmost of that extensive group of islands which form the Empire of the Rising Sun.

The Aino in the southern and middle parts of Japan is as rare a sight as is an Indian in the Eastern States. But while our Indian still retains his fierce and warlike disposition, full of revenge and cunning, issuing forth at every opportunity to plunder and kill, uncowed by years of unsuccessful warfare, the Aino has been completely changed by centuries of defeats until he has become mild and peaceful in the extreme. One may travel among them without the slightest fear of bodily harm, sure of recovering every courtesy and hospitality their rude means and untutored minds can bestow.

In stature the Aino is under the average height, but he is more compactly and muscularly built than any of the other races of Eastern Asia. He differs from the Oriental type in several points, the most noticeable of which is that he is very hairy, being almost as completely covered with hair as an animal, and having a heavy mustache, a long, fuzzy beard, reaching generally to and below the shoulder blades, the color being invariably a jet black. At a distance he would be easily mistaken for an ape or a chimpanzee; and had it ever been the fortune of Darwin to have visited those strange people, he would undoubtedly have congratulated his long-sought-for "missing link."

The features of the Ainos are of a Caucasian rather than an Oriental cast, and they have not the oblique eye which is so distinguishing a characteristic of both the Japanese and Chinese, but have round, full optics set rather prominently. They have flat, thick noses, rather high cheekbones and full coarse lips, with white, even, strong-looking teeth.

They have no written language whatever, and no knowledge of calculations in figures. In fact, but few of them can count as high as 1,000, and the ability to do that has only been acquired of late years.

Their form of government is patriarchal, and they have no fixed system of laws. All disputes are referred for settlement to the patriarch, each

hamlet having its own head man, from whose decision there is no appeal or redress.

The island of Yezo contain about 35,000 square miles, and is of volcanic formation, with numerous swift-running rivers. The Ainos are to be found in settlements scattered along the coast, where they earn their living principally by fishing, and in the interior near the river banks, where they live by both fishing and hunting. The principal fish caught are the salmon and herring, and the game, bear and deer. Out of the skins of the salmon they make their rude shoes, and from the skins of the bear and deer their garments. They also wear a cloak made from the bark of a tree, which in outward appearance strongly resembles our elm, but in grain looks more like the maple. This bark, while very soft and pliable in its natural state, is made even more so by a sort of curing process. The Ainos then weave or plait it as we do straw, and so closely and finely do they work it that the result is a garment as completely impervious to water as is a rubber coat.

The flesh of the game they kill, with fowls, roots, and herbs, form their principal articles of diet, but since the advent of the Japanese on the island, they have also eaten rice. They, however, as a rule, prefer their rice in a liquid form, for they have taken to drink, a vice which was taught them by their more highly civilized conquerors—another point of resemblance to the Indian. The greater portion of the rice furnished them by the Japanese government they distill into a liquor called sake—known by the same name in Japan—of which they drink large quantities.

Their religion is a simple one, and consists in the worship of external objects—the sun, the moon, the mountains, certain trees, etc. Chief among their gods stands the bear, which they worship, because he is the source of strength for the inner and warmth for the outer man. But, strange to say, while giving this animal so high a place among their objects of adoration, they wage relentless warfare upon him and do not hesitate to torture him. They have a curious custom pertaining to the bear which may be of interest to our readers. When any hunter kills a dam with young cubs, he, of right, assumes full title of ownership in the cubs. He takes them to his home, where they are suckled by his wife if she be with milk; if not, by any woman in the settlement in that condition, until they have grown too large to be fed in that way. They are then placed in large bamboo cages and fattened until they attain the age of six months. A day is then set apart for the killing, which is observed by all as a great feast day, and the whole settlement turns out intent upon getting their fill of bear's meat and sake. After various rites and ceremonies, consisting of prayers, rude chants and wild grotesque dances, during which the animals are driven to the verge of frenzy by being poked with spears and shot with arrows—the shooters, however, being careful not to touch a vital spot—the bears are released, and as they issue from their cages are at once skillfully dispatched. They are then skinned and cooked, and a scene of revelry and wild orgies ensues. The skins and skulls, which are regarded as a great prize, are retained by the man who captured the cubs and

reared them. The skulls he impales on the end of long poles planted in front of the hut, and night and morning he offers up his benisons to them.

It is a common sight, when riding through an Aino village, to see before a number of the huts bear's skulls bleached to a ghastly whiteness by exposure to the weather. The possessor of such a skull is an object of envy to his less successful neighbors.

The weapons of the Aino consist of a rude bow and arrow, the latter tipped with finely-pointed bamboo, a spear with a bamboo head of dangerous sharpness, and a primitive sort of hatchet and knife. They do not seem to use metal for their arrow or spear-heads, although numerous specimens of such heads, made of copper, have been unearthed from time to time. They poison their arrow-heads with the juice of herbs—aconite forming a principal ingredient.

Their method of salutation is somewhat odd. When one Aino meets another, friend or stranger, he stops, and if he wears a head-gear (which he generally does not), he removes it; then raising both hands and face, with the palms inward, he slowly strokes the beard down three times, each time inclining the body. After this ceremony, which he performs slowly and deliberately, he utters his words of greeting or inquiry.

They have also a curious drinking custom. After the bowl or cup is filled and placed before the drinker, there is laid across it a mustache lifter—for the mustache is so long and thick it forms a complete veil to the mouth, and in eating or drinking the mustache lifter is invariably used. This lifter consists of a piece of wood, very thin, several inches in length and about an inch wide, and generally decorated with carved figures cut in the wood or some fantastic arrangement of curves and lines. When the drinker raises the cup he takes his mustache lifter in his left hand, dips one end of it in the sake and throws to his right the drops that adhere to it, and repeats the performance, throwing the drops to the left, meanwhile muttering in a low monotone, a prayer or invocation to his favorite god, after which he raises his mustache with his lifter, puts the cup to his lips, and, whether it be large or small, drains it to the dregs. No matter how often he drinks, each time he goes through this formula.

The Ainos navigate the rivers and along the coast in canoes roughly hollowed out of the trunks of trees. These canoes are painted at either end, the smaller ones being paddled by one man in the stern, while the larger ones are propelled and guided by two men, one in the bow and another in the stern. They resemble somewhat the periaguas of the Louisiana bayous, and, of course, are easily upset. Great skill is displayed in their management, and a serious accident is of rare occurrence.

As horsemen the Ainos are expert and fearless, rivaling the most skillful American Indians in this respect.

At one time it was said that this race was rapidly disappearing before the onward march of the higher civilization of the Japanese, but later statistics show that this is not the case.

The women have a custom of tattooing themselves, imitating on the upper lip the mustache of a man, and disfiguring their arms and lower

limbs with curious figures and odd designs. The upper lip tattooing is especially considered by them as a great adornment.

BOY WONDER JUGGLES FIGURES.

A youngster of 14 years blew into the Brooklyn Eagle office the other day, Edward Berkof by name, living at 157 Hewes street, who said he could "do tricks in arithmetic." And he could, too, for the boy added consecutive numbers like 23, 24, 25, 26, etc.; opposite numbers like 24, 42, 29, 93, 51, 15, etc.; multiplied and divided with lightning rapidity. He told the dazed reporter that he could tell all the numbers a certain number was divisible by and all the numbers divisible by certain other numbers.

For instance he told a long list of numbers divisible by 9, and by a series of questions determined a number only thought of by the reporter. Then a series of numbers composed of five figures each was given, and the total addition placed at the foot of the column before the last figure was given. Then the boy filled in the last figure without a moment's hesitation, and it was correct, too. He has dozens of mathematical tricks, the old "15 trick" that looks like a tit-tat-toe game among them, which he solves eight different ways. By the time this versatile young mathematical genius finished showing a small part of his bag of tricks, the reporter was past wondering.

"How did you learn these lightning methods?" queried the Eagle reporter. "I was ill for months with the sleeping sickness," said the boy, "and was numb in my body while perfectly clear in my head. I was in the hospital for some time and then in bed at home for weeks. I could not sleep more than half an hour at a time and would think and think of all sorts of things.

"All of a sudden one of these short methods of doing arithmetic would come to me, and I would remember it and try it again and again to make sure I was right. I have dozens of tricks and puzzle and many ways of solving each one. I have always been fond of puzzles and have always been good in solving them. I don't know how I do some of these things; I just do them."

Edward is apparently a normal boy who attends P. S. 122 in the 8B Grade. In spite of his handicap of sickness he has "skipped" a grade, so is only half a grade behind his class. At first he could not raise his head at all, and went about bumping into everything, but under the care of a skillful practitioner, he is now able to hold his head almost upright, although there is still a suggestion of a droop. When asked what the sleeping sickness felt like, he said: "My body was numb and would often prickle just as your foot does if it goes to sleep. My mind was always very active when I thought of one of these puzzles or tricks, but it wandered all over the world. They just came to me, I don't know how. I used to help my father in his stationery store before I was sick, and always liked arithmetic. Maybe that helped a little." Edward's ambition is to have his puzzle published for the enjoyment of those who like to rack their brains.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1921.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher

166 West 23d St., New York

ITEMS OF INTEREST

DIAMOND IN TURKEY GIZZARD.

While dressing a turkey for the big dinner the other day, L. A. Donishec, chef in a restaurant, Sioux City, Ia., found what looked to him like a valuable stone in the turkey's gizzard. A jeweler pronounced it a diamond weighing one-fifth of a carat and offered \$75 for it. The turkey came from Northern Minnesota.

MONEY IN SAFE MOLDS.

When John Bortner of York, Pa., went to his safe to get some money he had placed there several months ago he found that the pocketbook and its contents, \$320, were covered with mold and the currency was in such condition that he had to get it exchanged at the bank. The purse was wet when he placed it in the safe, and he had not looked at it until he wanted to use the cash.

KILLS FOUR MOUNTAIN LIONS.

Shooting and killing four mountain lions in one day is the accomplishment of Verne Tyler, cattleman, of Hot Springs, Cal. While after cattle in Nigger Rube canyon, Tyler picked up the trail and started after the animals with his dog. In less than half an hour he had four lions. The Deer Creek Cattlemen's Association at a recent meeting decided to double the State bounty on mountain lions.

BROWN COAL.

Pulverized lignite or brown coal is being used as fuel in Australia. The lignite is mined in either shafts or open cuts, the coal crushed on the spot to egg size, then hoisted to the air-drying tipplers at the surface by bucket conveyors. After drying about seven days, the coal is relieved of practically half of its moisture content and is ready for final treatment. This final process, which should be undertaken near the place where the fuel is to be used, consists of again crushing the coal—at about 1-2 inch mesh—after which it is passed through a rotary dryer, where the moisture content is reduced to about 10 per cent. The fuel is then pulverized, separated by air, and stored in bunkers.

SON BETRAYS HIS FATHER.

A tragic story of a father's misplaced confidence, which enabled his son to wreck his family fortune during his absence abroad, was bared on the witness stand before Justice MacLennan in Superior Court, Montreal, by C. H. Cahan, K. C., one of Canada's most distinguished lawyers.

The witness struggled with his emotions in an endeavor to recite the facts. He burst into tears when he told how he had conferred power of attorney on his son, C. H. Cahan, jr., trusting him absolutely to carry on his affairs while on a European trip, and returning home only to discover that he had been betrayed, that his son had absconded and the family fortune had been wiped out.

"It was pretty hard," the lawyer sobbed, "to come home and find that almost the day after I had placed this trust in my boy, he began to pilfer my banking account to further his personal greed and lavishness."

The remarkable case was revealed through a suit brought by the Corporation Agencies, Ltd., against the Home Bank of Canada to recover \$209,028, the alleged defalcations of the son. The legal issue rests on whether the bank can be held to make good the amount. The son is said to have caused a loss totaling \$400,000.

LAUGHS

Lawyer—Now, what did you and the defendant talk about? Witness—Oi t'ink about fifteen minutes. Lawyer—No, no; I mean what did you talk over? Witness—We talked over the tiliphone, sorr.

First Financier—I made my success by putting my money where I could get my hands on it easily. Second Ditto—And I got mine by putting other people's money where I could get my hands on it easily.

Titt—You'll take part in the football game, I suppose, Mr. Tatt? Tatt—Very sorry, but I don't know anything about the game. Why, I thought you had taken a full college course? So I know, but I went to college to study, merely.

"I am willing to release you on your own recognizance," says the judge. "How dat?" asks Mistah Miffles. "I'll let you go if you give bond for yourself—that is, if you will be responsible for your own appearance in court." "Jedge, I'd like to 'blige yo', but I'se 'feard o' de s'cu'ty."

Our Landlady—It's the strangest thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph, will you have another pie? Mr. Rudolph (pron. ty)—No, thank you! Our Landlady (an hour later)—That's a good one indeed. This season will be a good one indeed.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

GIRL MAKES CHEAP DRESS.

A dress that cost 12 cents won the thrift prize at the Calloway, Ky., school fair recently. Miss Eunice McLane looked very attractive in her gown costing a dime and 2 cents. This is how she did it. In her search for available material she found a piece of oil cloth that had been used on the kitchen table for seven years. She boiled it, making it a thin, soft material, bought 5 cents' worth of dye and colored it pink. Then wishing to embroider it she had to pay 7 cents for an embroidery pattern. She used ravelings of the material to sew the dress up and the ravelings of a silk stocking to embroider it with. Second prize at the school fair was won by Lillie Grogan with a dress of all new material costing 56 cents.

BARRELS MADE OF PAPER.

Farmers and manufacturers have felt the ever-increasing cost of barrels, and it has been pointed out on more than one occasion that barrels are playing no small role in the general high-cost-of-living scheme.

For some time inventors have been at work on the barrel problem with a view to producing cheaper containers. Several of them have tackled the paper barrel problem and it appears as though their work has finally materialized into something of practical value. These paper barrels are generally made in the form of many layers of stiff paper, held together by some suitable adhesive which may also be watertight and weatherproof.

The barrel is made by a winding process employing chip board, and is said to cost one-third less than a wooden barrel of equivalent size. The inventor also claims greater strength for this paper barrel.

Paper cans and other containers can be made of wound paper, and no doubt much will be done along this line in the near future.

TRICK HORSES PROVE DANGEROUS.

It is not always wise to teach a horse to play tricks, as is proved by a story told by an English army officer.

John Leech's inimitable circus horse that insisted on sitting down with his rider whenever he heard a band play was the prototype of a horse belonging to the officer who, in a weak moment, had taught it to rear up and "salaam" whenever he leaned forward to make a bow.

It was all very pretty when the officer was out riding and met any lady of his acquaintance, but it became a nuisance when he was out pig sticking in India. He would lean forward to meet the rush of a charging boar with his spear—

—and would go the least on end just at the moment when the man's safety depended on his taking a deadly aim with his spear point. The

consequence was that the animal's hind legs showed many scars from boars' tusks, and he was lucky that he did not end his career with his body ripped open.

The officer had, too, at one time a fine but somewhat nervous charger. One day on a parade the mount suddenly gave way with the officer and quietly lay down. The rider thought for a moment he was ill, but on rousing him he immediately sprang to his feet again, quite fit and well. A week or so later when riding with a friend they stopped for a moment to admire the view, when down the horse went. It was evident to the officer that he had been trained to lie down at a given signal, but the man never could discover for the life of him what that signal was.

GRANT STATUE WAS 18 YEARS IN MAKING.

Eighteen years in the making, a memorial to Gen. U. S. Grant is nearing completion in Washington, and probably will be unveiled before the end of the year. It is in the form of a magnificent equestrian statue of bronze, the second largest of its kind in the world, mounted on a granite pedestal and banked on the left by a casting of a group of cavalry and on the right by a group of artillery, both groups done in bronze. Two huge lions in stone at the foot of the pedestal complete the memorial.

The equestrian figure stands 15 feet high, weighs 10,700 pounds, and cost \$250,000. The memorial is located in the Botanic Gardens at the foot of the Capitol, and Congress has approved the removal of a section of the iron fence on the east front of the gardens to admit the statue and to provide space for spectators at the unveiling ceremonies.

Authority for the creation of the memorial was given by Congress on Feb. 23, 1901. The competition for the statue was held in 1902 and the award was to Henry M. Shrady, a noted sculptor, of Elmsford, N. Y., whose design was selected by a jury consisting of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim. The pedestal was designed by Edward Pierce Casey of New York, associated with Mr. Shrady, and was completed and put in place in 1906.

The equestrian statue has just now been finished, however, and was shipped here in sections by motor truck from New York City.

The memorial to the famous General and 18th President of the United States will bear no inscription, according to members of the Fine Arts Commission, who recently approved the statue in completed form. A member of the Grant Memorial Commission had composed a lengthy inscription, but after careful consideration officials of the commission and of the Office of Public Buildings and Grounds deemed an inscription unnecessary.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

FINDS \$1,100 ON TRASH PILE.

Weeks ago W. F. Davis of Guthrie, Okla., found an old valise under a house he was moving and threw it on a trash pile in the yard. It laid there until a few days ago, when he started to haul the trash away and on close examination found \$1,100 in war savings stamps under a false bottom. Inquiry developed the fact that the valise was once stolen from in front of a local hotel last spring and belonged to David Secko, a traveling man from Enid. The stamps were all registered in his name.

\$2,200 LEFT IN COAT.

An overcoat belonging to Fred W. Brant, a coal operator of Garrett, Pa., containing \$2,200, hung in a check booth at the Young House for nearly two weeks, and when called for the other day by the owner the wallet with the money intact was found just as it was left when he left the hotel.

Braht offered the hotel clerk a generous reward. It was politely refused, with the statement the money could not have been safer in the bank, and he was paid by the hotel to guard its guests against loss.

THEIR DINNER WAS \$100 FOR EACH HUNTER.

Fifteen hunters suddenly lost their appetite for a venison dinner the other day, when Game Warden Morton walked into their camp at Sandy Ridge, N. H., produced a search warrant and uncovered the remains of two fawns, illegally killed, that had supplied steaks for the feast.

The warden told the hunters that the meal would cost them \$100 a plate each, as the law compelled him to hold every man as responsible for having the venison in his possession.

PARADE OF KU-KLUX KLAN.

More than two hundred members of a branch of the Ku-Klux Klan silently paraded the streets of South Jacksonville, Fla., the other night, completely disguised in white caps, masks and gowns, and headed by a herald bearing a flaming cross. No explanation of the display was given.

In a recent similar parade in Jacksonville one of the advance riders announced that "a band of solemn, determined men" would pass and wanted "no one to follow them." When the klansmen reached the trees of the City Park every light in the business district snapped out. They were switched on again a few minutes later and the riders had vanished.

W. J. Simmons, of Atlanta, imperial wizard of the klan, recently announced that one of its purposes was to maintain "white supremacy," but that it would support constituted authority and not tolerate lawlessness.

ANAESTHESIA USED IN CATCHING FISH.

An extraordinary means of catching fish is practised by natives of the Fiji Islands. The bait is "toova," a native vine or creeper. Having pounded lengths of vine into pulp, the fishermen

paddle out over coral reefs. In about 12 to 15 feet of water they dive and fasten bundles of "toova" around rocks and crevices where fish are known to be.

In a few minutes all fish within a radius of six to eight feet turn over on their backs and float up to the surface. They are scooped up into the boats, and soon their tails begin to wiggle. If thrown back into the water the fish return to normal condition.

The poisoning of water in this country is not uncommon. The weed buckeye, when trampled and bruised, will contaminate a whole pond and stupefy the fish. Cattle are sometimes mortally poisoned by drinking near-by water into which they have trampled the roots of water hemlock.



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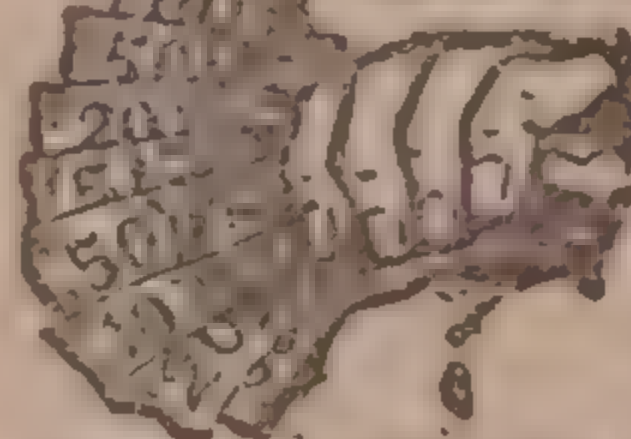


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The coca plant is a shrub three or four feet high. Its leaves are of an oval shape and light green. The shrub is grown on terraces, built up on the hillsides. These terraces are about ten inches wide, and are protected by ramparts of earth faced with stones or cement. The terracing prevents the heavy rains from washing the whole plantation down the mountain side, and also helps to keep the soil from washing away.

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